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LIBERALISM AND PEACE

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	369	Political Objectors. By A. Graham-Barton and Edward Jenks ...	382
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		The Pontificate of Pius the Ninth. By J. S. Fletcher and The Reviewer ...	382
Liberalism and Peace ...	372	The Tyranny of Interests. By H. M. Swanwick ...	383
The Problem of Man-Power ...	373	POETRY:—	
Diplomatists and Bolsheviks ...	374	The Leaf-Burners. By Ernest Rhys ...	383
MAXIMS ABOUT IRELAND. By An Irishman ...	375	THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By H. J. M. ...	384
A LONDON DIARY. By A Wayfarer ...	375	REVIEWS:—	
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		Tolstol and the Russian Novel. By Arthur Symonds ...	385
The New Jerusalem: 1920 ...	377	Callopie in Harness ...	385
"The Funny Wonder" ...	379	Factory Commanders ...	388
What Do Soldiers Believe? By An Officer ...	380	Recollections in Lavender ...	390
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:—		THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Lucellum ...	392
The Misunderstanding of Russia. By Jaakoff Prelooker ...	381		

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Events of the Week.

THE romance of our Eastern campaign, which already included the capture of Baghdad, has now given us Jerusalem. The Turks evacuated it without resistance, for both sides were resolved to spare the Holy Places. Though the event has more moral than military significance, it adds immensely to our political prestige, and brings to us the sympathies of the whole Jewish world. Odessa has celebrated Mr. Balfour's promise of a "national home" for the Jews by a great demonstration in the streets, and similar news comes from all over the world. The "secret treaties" contemplated a condominium of Britain, France, and Russia in Palestine. The Russian flag was absent from General Allenby's Headquarters, but French and Italian contingents of nominal strength gave our occupation an international character. The idea of making Palestine a Jewish colony within the British Empire is thus, we take it, negatived. Whatever arrangements may be made for the future, the control must be international, and ought to belong to the whole League of Nations, and its first duty must be the development of the Jewish settlements. It would be unwise to pledge ourselves beyond this point, for we do not want to burden the settlement with unnecessary claims. The retention of Turkish suzerainty would not (given international control) be a serious bar to the future progress of a Jewish Palestine.

* * *

GENERAL ALLENBY entered the city with elaborate simplicity on Tuesday, signalling his advent later on with a faultless proclamation, extending toleration to the three great world religions of which it is the shrine, and retaining Mohammedan guards for the Holy Places. The final stages of the campaign are still

obscure. On Saturday the occupation of Hebron was announced. How it fell we do not know. It would not be an easy position to take by frontal attack, and its flank is well covered by difficult country. The sequence of events seems to have captured Hebron at Jerusalem. Allenby, with sound insight, contented himself with a skilful attack on the Holy City, knowing that every good move in that direction would, by the threat it involved to the position of Hebron, make the latter's resistance perilous, and at length impossible. The final assault came on Saturday. Troops were sent to cut off Jerusalem from the south. Others cut the Jerusalem-Shechen road, the way of escape towards the north. The column operating from the direction of Bethlehem then moved eastwards, and cut the way of escape to Jericho. The result was that the city, isolated, surrendered. Both armies scrupulously respected the Holy City, and the Turks were obviously handicapped in defending it because of their fear lest the Holy Places might be injured.

* * *

THE campaign thus concluded began at the end of October when Allenby assaulted and captured Beersheba. It was a brilliantly conceived and executed operation; but its leverage upon the whole campaign has been far greater than anyone could have expected then. The troops who had taken Beersheba began to move north-west and threaten to turn the Gaza positions. These were of immense strength, but on November 7th they had to be abandoned owing to the threat from the flank. After Gaza the campaign ran smoothly. The troops went rapidly up the maritime plain, a mobile artillery ever moving on the sea-flank. Positions upon which the Turks might have stood were turned one after the other, and in ten days the troops were in the second port of Palestine. The army was as mixed as the hosts of the Crusades; consisting of Italian, French, Indian, British, and Dominion troops of all sorts. Allenby had moved it with skill to its destined end. The capture of Jerusalem was a more difficult undertaking than that of Jaffa. It lies in the hills, difficult of approach, and when the narrow avenue had been won the Turks could not be forced out of it. No one contemplated bombardment. The enemy was patiently manœuvred out, and he went at leisure, apparently with all his impedimenta.

* * *

On the Italian front there has been severe fighting during the week, and on the whole it has gone in favor of our Ally. The French and British have now taken their places in the line, the latter at the point where the Italian positions leave the Piave and turn westward in advance of Mont Grappa. There are undoubtedly heavy forces in the Trentino and in Italy, but the same may be said of France and Belgium. The Western front seems to have settled down to relative stagnation, though there are reports of German concentrations in Alsace, near the coast, and about Cambrai. A violent local attack was made on Wednesday east of Bullecourt and a small length of trench line taken at a cost of heavy German losses. There is to be an inquiry into the

Cambrai attack and its sequel. This course is necessary and wise, but perhaps Mr. Bonar Law has disclosed the key to the situation when he suggests that the battle was not planned as a great offensive. There would then be insufficient supporting troops to follow up the successes, and these might have been greater than General Byng designed. The battle encouraged us and startled the enemy. This is probably the reason why he concentrated in the West. Unless he thinks there is a chance of a decision he would be unlikely to stake much on a great attack; but he might quite reasonably have felt apprehensive of a break through after the astonishing success of the Cambrai assault.

* * *

MR. ASQUITH'S much-expected speech at Birmingham complements the Lansdowne letter and the Wilson Message, and makes, with them, an effective trilogy of modest, balanced, and cool-thinking statesmanship. Briefly, it explained the letter and adopted the Message. With four out of five of the Lansdowne points Mr. Asquith expressed agreement, and he added interesting paraphrases of his own; the fifth, the freedom of the seas, he set aside, on the ground that Germany was not likely to raise it as long as she retained her detestable practice of submarine piracy. He did not press for the redefinition of our war-aims—a regrettable omission; but he gave a negative definition of them. It was, he said, a "misconception" to suppose that we sought (a) to "humiliate," "impoverish," or even "annihilate" Germany or the German people; (b) to prescribe their internal constitution; (c) to conduct, after the cessation of military war, a "veiled" commercial war.

* * *

MR. ASQUITH also gave a moral significance to his definition of the war-aim which he re-adopted, that of the destruction of Prussian militarism. We might consider that we had attained this end when the German people acknowledged that militarism "did not pay," and we had "authentic proof" at their hands that they were ready to set up "the rule of common and equal right." That is an invitation to Germany to join the League of Nations, based, we hope Mr. Asquith means, on disarmament, which is absolutely essential. In brief, we and all the peoples of the Allies were for "a Clean Peace." Obviously this statement excludes both the Hunkster's Peace of Sir Edward Carson, whose shallow and odious speech poured contempt on the idea of a League of Nations, and therefore on Mr. Wilson's policy, and Mr. Churchill's attempt to bar out all consideration of peace offers irrespective of their merits. This latter policy is the knock-out school *redivivus*. Its idea is based mainly on the belief in a melodramatic victory on land of the Waterloo type. But war history no longer runs (if indeed it ever did run) like an Adelphi play. And even if Mr. Churchill speaks for effect, that is no reason why hundreds of thousands of British boys should die for it.

* * *

THE weekly number of large vessels sunk by the submarines—fourteen—is again high, and the importance of this fact is that the recent *average* has been high. The shipping casualties are a grave factor of the situation, and the Prime Minister must understand and measure the misgiving which his flippant lightness in dealing with them excites. Sir L. Chiozza Money's answers to questions follow the trivial fashion that he has set. The building of standard ships did not, Sir Chiozza said, represent the whole of the new shipping. He then quoted figures to show that for November the total additional tonnage in standard ships was under 50,000 tons, and on these assurances he stated that we were within measurable reach of making up the casualties for the month. If we can gather anything from the ambiguous terms of the answer, we must assume that a very large tonnage of non-standard ships is being built here or in America, for ten vessels of 5,000 tons would account for the added tonnage of standard ships. But the answer is almost worthless as a cover for the gravity of

the shipping losses. It tacitly assumes that only ships lost are a damage to us, whereas the number of ships that limp home injured is a leading fact of the case. Is it contended that, taking the loss of tonnage for the year, or for any considerable period, it is being met by rebuilding? And if this cannot be affirmed, what is the precise value of these calculations in snippets?

* * *

THE pretended "concession" of the Government upon the leaflet question is a piece of sheer hypocrisy. It leaves untouched the substance of the offence—the claim of Ministers to suppress opinions they do not like and criticism they cannot meet. By requiring the submission to the Press Bureau of all leaflets discussing war or peace three days before publication, they retain virtually intact the despotism of the original regulation. The Government will itself be judge in its own case. For, though the publisher of a refused leaflet may have the formal right of an appeal to a Court of Law, we know from experience exactly what this is worth. The official declaration that the leaflet is, in its opinion, offensive and contrary to the public interest will be enough to secure a verdict. The "competent military authority" has merely to say that the pamphlet was "calculated to encourage the enemy" for the appeal to fall dead. "Dora" will not even be called in to show "reason" for her judgment. Apart from this, the obligation to bear the expense and trouble of litigation must in most cases stay such action. The experience of the last three years is final as to the impotence of the ordinary citizen in pressing his ancient rights against the illimitable powers of "Dora."

* * *

MOREOVER, Sir George Cave, though expressly challenged by Mr. Lees Smith regarding the retention of the powers under Regulation 51, whereby the police, under the instructions of the competent military authority, may seize publications or any other property without reference to any court, gave a thoroughly evasive answer. It is clear that this power remains intact, and that it runs concurrently with the new regulation. If, therefore, the Government desires to stop a publication without the obligation to defend their action in a Court, all they have to do is to set the military authority in action. But, even if the Government expressly repudiates this right of arbitrary seizure, the suppression of opinion inherent in the amended regulation cannot fail to disgust any man retaining a sense of justice and the value of free discussion. We repeat that it is no question of stopping matter dangerous to the fighting of the war or to civil order, but of removing the only effective safeguard upon the follies and abuses of an arbitrary State. The Prussianism of the regulation remains intact. The Liberal and Labor parties ought to fight it as one man.

* * *

THE Third Reading of the Reform Bill was taken in the House of Commons *nemine contradicente*, and it has now gone to the Lords. In its last stages the proposals for Irish redistribution were wisely dropped, the transferable vote was restored to its original simple form, and the scope of the odious clause disfranchising Conscientious Objectors was greatly limited, thanks largely to Sir Ryland Adkins's amendment and the efforts of independent Liberals, barely helped by their leaders. The clause now applies only to those who have been court-martialled, and to them only for five years after the war. It is now, however, more deeply illogical than ever, and strikes at the class which has earned most respect by its stubborn stand for principle. The Lords, one hopes, may deal with this vindictive weapon, but they are hardly likely to make considerable amendments in the Bill. Conservatism has evidently turned its party mind against Proportional Representation, though the Russian elections, which probably would have given the Bolsheviks a big majority if they had been fought without P.R., ought to count for something in the argument.

The international effect of our Reform Bill is interesting. It probably counted for much in the poll by which New York State has enfranchised women, and it is being used with great effect by Liberals and Socialists in Prussia to back the uncertain prospects of their own far poorer Reform Bill.

THE Prussian Junkers are preparing to offer the most resolute opposition to the Prussian Reform Bill, and since they have the majority in both Houses of the Diet, its fate is uncertain, in spite of the Kaiser's rescripts. The reason is simple. They reckon that it will give the Socialists 110 seats, a quarter of the whole House, and place Conservatism in a permanent minority. For the monstrous Three-Class Franchise, which gave the wealthier 15 per cent. of the population twice the voting power of the remaining 85 per cent., it substitutes Manhood Suffrage, and equal, direct, and secret voting. Some details are bad (a full year's residential qualification, exclusion of Non-Prussians until after three years' residence, and the age qualification of twenty-five), but the advance is so immense that the Liberal Press does not dwell unduly on these minor defects. The "Times" is mistaken in supposing that it will exclude the soldiers now at the front. Redistribution will still be necessary, for the Bill adds only a few new members for the larger towns. The preamble of the Bill talks in a highly un-Prussian way about "confidence in the people." The Bill for the Reform of the Upper House, though far from being democratic, is a blow to the pure Junker ascendancy. It greatly reduces the hereditary element, and greatly increases industrial representation. It will probably give a majority to the urban industrial National Liberals over the rural "Junker" Conservatives, but it totally ignores Labor among its representatives of industry. The Liberal Press urges that the Franchise Bill should be passed at once, and the "Lords" Bill postponed until a democratic Lower House deals with it.

IN spite of the publicity of the Russo-German negotiations for an armistice, it is hard to say how matters stand. There is only a provisional truce as yet. The Germans absolutely refused the Russian condition for the evacuation of Moon Sound, and to the proposal that no troops should be moved to the Western Front are said to have agreed not to move whole divisions—an amusingly impudent evasion. We find it hard to believe that they have demanded the military evacuation of Petrograd, or that Austria has asked for the Ukraine in face of Count Czernin's renewal of the formula of no annexations. Other versions of peace terms are that Germany wants to buy up the exportable grain crop of Russia for fifteen years, and to secure free trade for her manufactures. It is, however, likely that the Bolsheviks will not try at this stage to negotiate peace at all. Their revolutionary strategy is to conclude an armistice now, trusting to time and propaganda to bring a democratic general peace. They are hard at work distributing revolutionary leaflets among the Germans in the front lines, to the immense annoyance of the High Command. Protests against their proceedings come formally from the Moderate Socialist parties and informally from the Liberal Press, but both insist on the need of an early peace. Roumania (on the very day when Sir Edward Carson devoted an entire speech to a eulogy of her steadfastness) has also applied for an armistice. She had no choice in the matter, and once more we surprise our rulers amid their unending illusions.

THE Constituent Assembly was due to meet on Tuesday, though only a fraction of its members have yet reached Petrograd. The Commission nominated by the late Government is in prison, but all the saner elements are rallying to insist that it shall duly meet. The results already to hand give 87 Revolutionary Socialists, 35

Bolsheviks, and 16 Cadets, but little can be based on this fragmentary indication, and the Bolsheviks claim a majority. Their idea of proposing the "recall" (on the American plan) of deputies who have lost the confidence of the electors is grotesque at this stage, and seems to be a plan for defeating Proportional Representation. The big unknown fact in the situation is whether Lenin's Government, with all its violence, is contriving to cope with the impending famine. On that its fate may depend. The "Red Guard" with sailors and local troops has fought an engagement with some 11,000 "shock troops" and Cossacks near Bielgorod, north of Kharkoff, and is said to have won a victory, and the Black Sea Fleet is threatening Kaledin's Cossacks. The policy of the Cossacks seems to be the passive defence of their local autonomy, to which the Bolsheviks reply by aggressive tactics. The real issue is probably which side shall control the food supplies of the south.

M. CLEMENCEAU is about to do a thing which will sully not merely his honor but the good name of France. He is about to send M. Caillaux (if the Chamber consents) before a Military Court Martial, on the charge of treason. An ex-Premier of France will be tried by soldiers under the military law, and will be subject to the death penalty. The charges, so far as they are known, are of "pacifist" propaganda of one kind or another in Italy and France. This clearly is a political matter, which, if it ought to be tried at all, is a question for the Civil Courts. We shall wait to see if there is much against M. Caillaux more substantial than a tendency towards a moderate peace, unless indeed there is truth in the suggestion that in private talks in Italy he favored a French-Italian-German combination after the war to be directed against Russia and Britain. But if M. Clemenceau's methods were to be adopted here, some members of the Liberal and Labor parties would be tried by court martial, while in Germany a fair number of the Reichstag—including members of both the Socialist groups—would be in danger. M. Clemenceau's action is, for three reasons, peculiarly scandalous. First, M. Caillaux had already faced his accusers, and had carried the issue to a civil court by his prosecution of M. Hervé for libel. Secondly, the "Tiger" is striking at his most formidable political rival. Thirdly, there was no man in France who wrote of military justice during the Dreyfus affair with deeper contempt than M. Clemenceau.

THE Non-Ferrous Metals Bill has been read a second time, after a debate which riddled the case for it. Sir Albert Stanley put the measure upon the basis of national defence. It was, he said, a natural sequel of the restrictions of the Paris Economic Conference of 1916, and was designed to make the Allies independent of enemy countries as regards "essential commodities," such as spelter, lead, copper, aluminium, and tin. The supporter of the Bill represented the German Metallgesellschaft as aiming at the control of the world-market in these commodities. Now everyone admits that care must be taken to secure to this country an adequate supply of these metals. But they all exist in abundance in some countries of our Empire and of the Allies. It is an isolated German success in manufacture which is aimed at. And the means proposed for securing this end are the worst conceivable. Licenses to be obtained from Government are bound to lead to pulls and preferences. The underlying idea is that of prohibiting all trade-access on the part of the enemy countries. And the proposal to carry on this exclusion for five years after the war is a direct contradiction of our profession and Mr. Wilson's pledge that the Allies are willing to give a fair chance to German commerce after peace, provided that the enemy countries come into the new world order. It is a part of the scheme by which our Protectionists, under the false pretext of defence, are everywhere undermining the League of Nations.

Politics and Affairs.

LIBERALISM AND PEACE.

In spite of the immense confusion of the war, the world is approaching one point of clarification. It is visibly advancing towards what we may call a Liberal Concordat, an agreement among the liberal forces of the world as to the terms on which they propose to meet and overthrow the illiberal ones. The germ of that agreement was contained in Lord Grey's memorable offer to go outside the bounds of the Entente, and to construct a form of general, and therefore impartial, guardianship of the peace. Germany rejected that offer. But it has never been lost sight of. Mr. Asquith defined it in phrases which lent themselves admirably to the closer American analysis of the idea. For the moment it yielded to the entirely opposed conceptions of the Paris Conference and the secret treaties. Now they, too, are disappearing. The effort of Democratic Russia to undo the evil work of her Imperialism came, indeed, too late for her own salvation. But it breathed a new spirit into the politics of the Entente. America intervened, and the American view of the peace has never changed. She has not come into the war to cut up the map of Europe or to canalize its commerce. She is for what Mr. Asquith calls "a clean peace." To that end a Liberal bloc is already formed, or is in rapid process of formation. And its leaders have gradually advanced to the important stage of saying the same thing. There are differences of tone in Lord Lansdowne's letter, in the President's Message, and in Mr. Asquith's speech at Birmingham. There is no difference of policy. These men all mean the same end to the war, and what is more, they are strong enough to get it. For when they declare that they do not desire the "humiliation," still less the "annihilation," of the German people, or their impoverishment by means of a "veiled" economic war, but that they do insist on binding them to a rule of international right, they carry with them an irresistible force in the common sense and common feeling of mankind. Only one thing is wanted, and on that Mr. Asquith laid insufficient stress. It is not enough to frame charters for the liberation of man. Charters which "run" must be proclaimed to the sound of the trumpet.

Now, this clear re-definition of war-aims is the Liberal answer to those who maintain, with Mr. Churchill and Sir Edward Carson, that the war is an end in itself, which is "realized" in the mere process of fighting on, irrespective of the rise or fall of the political ideas it involves. If that view prevailed, we should really see in it a Satan's net for the permanent ensnaring of mankind. The war came, we hold, because of Germany's resolve to determine gigantic issues of right by an exercise of pure force. To that determination, while resisting and holding back the armies that upheld it, the Allies opposed the moral idea of public right. Now one section of the opposing League has virtually admitted that the moral idea has won. Austria, in spite of her successes in Italy, has again affirmed her adherence to the Russian formula of no annexations or indemnities. How far does that carry us? To the elimination of the first cause of the war—that is to say, to the restitution of an independent Serbia. Now turn to Western Europe. Here, again, the primary stake in the great politico-moral controversy of the war was Belgium. We know that Liberal Germany favors an unmeasured offer of restitution, that reactionary Ger-

many opposes it, and that the Liberal school is, or was, in the ascendant. Let us look to the further East. Here, again, two great clearances of political difficulties have taken place. On the Allied side, the idea of the dismemberment of Austria, pursued without any close regard for national rights, is at an end. Mr. Wilson has repudiated it, nor will the patrons of Tcheko-Slovakia contest the American fiat that that late and imported war-aim must disappear. A still more important elucidation of war-aims follows on Russia's withdrawal from the Tsar's scheme of blackmail and rapacious conquest. Where to-day is Turkey's interest in the prosecution of the war? Virtually, it ceased with the repudiation of the Russian claim to Constantinople and the inevitable reversion of the Allies to the alternative plan of an international guardianship of the city and the Straits. No less significant of the lapse of Turkish "war-aims" has been our conquest of Mesopotamia and the occupation of the Holy Places. The Caliphate is lost and cannot be recovered, and Turkey and the Allies now possess a motive of almost equal strength for coming to a rational agreement. One by one the political motives for Never-Endingism have fallen with the autumn leaf.

What, then, remains? "The military success of Germany." Here, again, it is the vice of the Never-Endingism to mistake means for ends. And here rational statesmanship must firmly decline to follow them. Germany's success is qualified enough when applied to other than the weakest members of the Alliance, and has no relation at all to the opposing effort of the strongest. Is the Hindenburg line drawn at the point at which German militarism desires to fix it? Then why does it not rest on Calais and Paris? Its existing position is a testimony, not to Germany's solution of the problem of the war, but to her failure to solve that factor in it which she most obviously stood to win. Battles do not necessarily win wars; and to an industrial nation victories are of no account without bread and trade. Events may qualify Germany's partial failure to achieve the military result; they can hardly affect her complete failure to compass the economic issue. But nations do not live in the present; their lives, like those of individuals, hang on the future; and on Germany's future the Anglo-American compact holds an absolutely crushing mortgage. Victory? In the deepest sense there is no victory for any participant in this war. But in nearly every sense of which we would take account—in the dwindling of her wealth and industrial activities, in the untold suffering of her people, and the material and moral barriers which have risen against them—the defeat of the great force that *was* Germany is accomplished.

But there is also a sense in which the Allies may substantially win, and yet be substantially defeated. And the reason lies with themselves. We can secure the defeat of Germany if we have a clear and reasonable idea of the advantage we seek to obtain. At present no such authoritative definition exists. The war, says Mr. Asquith, was made to secure a "clean peace." The war, says Sir Edward Carson, exists for the bombing of Hun businesses. The war, says the "Daily Mail," is an excellent profiteering investment. The war, says the "Times," is for dismembering Austria, and giving French capitalists a good slice of industrial Germany. The war, says the authors of the non-Ferrous Metals Bill, is for setting up a British corner in spelter. The war, say all the Protectionists, is to put down our Hun competitors. The war, said the Tsar, was for a Russian Constantinople and a Russian mastery of Turkey. In substance, all these pleas are excuses for a prolongation of the war. But a needlessly prolonged war is a lost

war, and each stroke in it is a blow at British interests no less than at the comity of the world. And that is the kind of war which Liberalism has the duty, the right, and the power to bring to an end.

THE PROBLEM OF MAN-POWER.

THE Government is at length faced with the bill it has run up during its year of office. It took over the control of affairs simply and solely in order to conduct the war to a speedier conclusion. The position of affairs, while it did not encourage elation, was far from depressing. The Somme battle had been pursuing its irrevocable course, and the soldiers knew that at one or two moments they were near success. If we compare the present outlook with that situation, the change is apparent. In the East, in a secondary theatre of the war, we have won some resounding victories. We have had great successes in the West. But in Italy our Ally's line has been pierced, and he has been thrown back to the neighborhood of Venice with a great loss in men and *matériel*. And all the roads on the Italian and the Western front are ringing to the sound of marching enemy troops. After the first brilliant success at Cambrai, our soldiers have suffered a heavy return blow. The number of men thrown into the battle by the enemy gives evidence of fresh resources. It is inevitable that we should re-examine the extent of our own means of reinforcement.

But whence shall reinforcements be drawn and how shall we apply them? To answer these questions fairly we must investigate the reasons of the change in the military situation. Germany, it is clear, has received additions to her strength. Even Austria-Hungary and Turkey have a new and strange affluence in man-power, and in effective force. The enemy can put more men in the field and he can cover and protect them with more guns. The reason is not obscure. The Government has looked to the Army for miracles, but has itself shown a continuous political incompetence. While it was asking our soldiers to achieve a decision in the field it was adding to the number of their opponents. To Imperialistic Russia everything was given, even the monstrous claim to Constantinople, the concession of which riveted Turkey to the German Alliance. What might have been done if we had extended a tithe of such friendliness to revolutionary Russia may be guessed by the enthusiasm with which revolutionary Russia fought her one gallant though despairing battle. But our Government preferred to allow her to think that our aims were as selfish as those of Germany. The result was inevitable. The Russian people, having no encouragement from us, but getting instead our refusal to go to Stockholm and to discuss war-aims, fell back helplessly on their need of peace. There is no occasion to think that many German troops have since been withdrawn from the Russian front. They were removed some time ago, and the positions have since been held by a skeleton force. Men and guns have now been concentrated behind the Western front, and a totally new problem put before the soldiers. They, indeed, did their share, and in all probability the war would now be over but for the defection of Russia; a defection largely due to the Government's initial error of policy.

The problem of man-power is therefore largely a political question. We cannot engage ourselves to fight every new foe which our neglect or tactlessness brings into the field. The same want of competence appears in the Government's handling of the economic position. Skilled men have been allowed to enter the Army when their help was urgently needed in the workshop. They have been brought back again now and then; but the obvious danger of the next few months will be that so far from the shipyards getting their own back again, many of their essential workers will find their way into khaki. The War Office is exacting, and the War Office rules policy. Yet even the military situation depends far more than is realized upon the question of shipping. For the true solution of the man-power problem must involve

a net increase to our fighting force. But unless the destruction of shipping is being made good, the reinforcements from America will be almost counter-balanced by the loss in nitrates, cotton, and worked metal entailed by devoting vessels to the transport of troops instead of to war *matériel*. It would be a wise expedient which added 20 or 30 per cent. to the *personnel* of the shipbuilding yards. There is, further, the need of providing adequate guns to make up the loss in Italy, to counter-balance the great numbers brought from Russia, and to supply the American armies. And when the guns are provided, a proportionately increased supply of munitions will also be required.

But granted that the Army receives due political help from an enlightened statesmanship, we must still face the fact that, before America can give us any help, the next few months will place upon our shoulders a heavier strain than we have yet had to bear. Where are more effectives for the Army to be found? We are not now dealing with great numbers; what we add must be a comparatively small recruitment. Something may be done to put more men from the subsidiary services in the firing line, and a number may also be taken from civil occupations. But the question of recruiting in Ireland is again a political one. The Government could obtain the men, even at this hour, by an enlightened statesmanship. But force is impossible, and it is monstrous even to whisper it, as the "Times" and its like are doing, unless we wish to immobilize in Ireland as many English soldiers as we take out Irish by a plan of conscription. There is, finally, the possibility of raising the age-limit to forty-five or fifty. A certain number of effectives might be obtained in this way, both directly and by the substitution of men at present engaged in the services ancillary to the firing line. But any solution must be one that yields a net addition to the Army, and does not merely withdraw men from farming, from munition work, from mining, and, above all, from shipbuilding. For true man-power is a wasting asset, for us and for the world.

DIPLOMATISTS AND BOLSHEVIKS.

"THERE is less bread in Russia since the Revolution, but there is more hope." So said a peasant soldier in one of the brilliant travel-sketches which Mr. Phillips Price is sending to the "Manchester Guardian," and the aphorism lights up the perplexed situation. It is the imperious dual need of satisfying this hungry hope and providing the daily bread which explains the Bolshevik policy. The perception is dawning at last in our own Press, and still more in that of France, that German gold is not the moving cause of what has happened. Whatever we may think of Lenin and Trotsky, the central fact of the situation is that an election under universal suffrage is proving that theirs is a large, if not the largest, party. Two factions have placed it where it stands to-day—the hope of the people for an early peace and a just division of the land, and the need of bread, which in its turn could be satisfied only by a return to the normal economy of peace. There would be less railing and less surprise at their desperate bid for peace if it were easy to paint even a dim imaginative picture of the state of Russia. There have been mobilized from first to last in all the Russias the incredible number of twenty-five million conscripts, and of these fifteen millions are casualties. The dead alone total five millions. The winter is only beginning; but travellers returning some weeks ago through Archangel reported that even in the villages there was, north of Moscow, literally no bread to be had. The south has corn enough, but will not sell; for who knows, in these times, what worse need may come? We have had Russian comments on the Bolshevik proceedings, angry, contemptuous, sorrowful, both from the moderate Socialist organizations and from the Liberal Press, but even while they curse Lenin and his colleagues, they too admit that Russia can never fight again, and demand the earliest possible peace. We are convinced that the

hopes which a section of our Press bases on Generals Kaledin, Korniloff, and the Cossacks, are merely a fresh version of the perennial delusion. The Cossacks are resolutely anti-Socialist, because they enjoy large holdings of land in fertile and sparsely-peopled provinces. They dread an immigration of landless peasants into their reserves, and a levelling down of their acreage. They will resist coercion from Petrograd, but their tactics will probably be merely to insist on local autonomy or even independence. So little do they think of compelling the continuance of the war that they were the first to withdraw their forces from the front. Russia is out of the war, and the only questions before us are whether she will make an armistice only, but not a peace, and in what degree she may come, if the war is prolonged, under German economic organization.

The tactics of the Bolshevik leaders present a baffling problem in psychology. Lenin and Trotsky are fanatics, but they are not ignorant or untravelled men. Lenin has written elaborate treatises on the Marxist economic theory. Trotsky, thanks to the perverse action of the Entente diplomacy, has seen a good deal of the world. He lived as an exile in France, whence he was expelled, and then went to the United States. He even made a short sojourn in Canada, for on his way home to Russia after the Revolution our authorities removed him from his ship at Halifax and interned him. Exile and prison may not be the best of diplomatic schools, and in this case they may have given the present Foreign Minister a bias against the Entente, which might have been avoided if our bureaucrats had foreseen his interesting career. These two men know something of Western Europe, more, we imagine, than our rulers know of Russia. How are we to reconcile this knowledge with a peace-strategy which seems so wildly impractical? When they repudiate Russia's foreign debt, do they not foresee that so soon as the state of the world becomes normal, they will be confronted with the hostility of cosmopolitan finance, and in some degree of all governments? They may reckon on a permanent division among the Powers to save them, as the Turks always used to do. But in that case, why do they recklessly offend Berlin, by starting revolutionary propaganda among the Kaiser's troops before an armistice is safely concluded? And why, at the same time, do they alienate the Western democracies? Their peace proposals seem incredibly naive, for they suggest not merely *plébiscites* to settle the allegiance of Poland, Courland, and Lithuania—a condition which Count Hertling has half-accepted—they talk also of upsetting the *status quo* in every other area of unrest, from Ireland and India to Alsace, Posen, and Bohemia. Their ideas of bargaining for an armistice are equally strange. They boldly call on the Germans to evacuate Moon Sound and suggest no *quid pro quo*, as if they were dictating peace instead of suing for it. Their stipulation that troops shall not be moved to the Western Front sounds well intentioned; but plainly it cannot work, for while they postpone a definite armistice, troops may be moved, and probably are being moved, wholesale.

The explanation of these modes of thought is, that the Bolsheviks are absorbed in the thought of a revolution that must follow a fixed historical law. It no more occurs to them that it may not spread to the rest of Europe than it occurs to the astronomer that an eclipse may not happen when it is due. They would admit that an uncertain lapse of time may intervene, and that many unexpected things may occur, but the consummation is inevitable: the world revolution has begun. They feel about such trivial matters as the loss of territory and the reprisals of finance the same indifference which believing Christians felt a few years before the Millennium, on the eve of 1000 A.D., when no one would build a new house or lay up treasure. While the rest of us are thinking no further ahead than "winning the war" or making a League of Nations, they see the events of the day as moments in the predetermined Marxist process. All this makes for fatalism. Your true revolutionist is naked, but feels no cold, lacks bread and knows no hunger. He that is low need fear no fall. These men have nothing to lose but an idea. So we read their minds, but another motive crosses their academic

vision of an ideal brotherhood association of men. They are in power. They must keep their *clientèle*. They must somehow get bread for the peasants, and feed the people with hope. They have practised the ancient aristocratic doctrine of "salutary delusions." To that extent they are prisoners in the grip of facts. How they will act in this dilemma we do not know. Theory calls for a revolutionary peace, which will, by its democratic daring and originality, awaken the slumbering will of the German and even of the British proletariat, and lead up to the general revolution. Conceivably it might, if the Never-Endians rule us much longer. But the Russian peasant wants his peace, plain and instantaneous, and if he adds any qualification to "plain peace," he says "peace with bread." If Lenin and Trotsky have to choose, which will they select? Plain peace happens to mean in the circumstances a German peace. We notice glints of realism and shrewdness in the academic extremes of the Bolsheviks, and it is possible that plain peace might turn out on further reflection to be a predestined episode in the revolutionary dialectic. An indefinite armistice to-day, with the revolutionary peace in the dim distance, might be the easiest solution of the dilemma.

If the Bolsheviks move amid delusions, their visions have at least a theoretic interest, and an *a priori* cogency. One cannot say the same for the airy world of fancy in which our rulers and masters were dwelling when the stroke on the Isonzo and the Bolshevik upheaval shattered their horizon. We have in Mr. Nabokoff's "extra secret" telegram ("Times," December 6th) to Petrograd the key to their state of mind. Mr. Balfour and the Allied Ambassadors in London determined, so he tells the Russian Foreign Office, to treat the German peace offer which Spain foreshadowed as "an attempt to draw the Allies into a net." He explains this haughty attitude as follows:—

"As a result of recent victories in Mesopotamia and on the Western Front, Great Britain now has the dominating influence. All information shows that German spirits are falling in proportion as Great Britain becomes stronger."

Everything in these secret records agrees with this diagnosis. Thus we find the same authority explaining to Petrograd the reasons of the British Government's decision to recognize M. Druowsky and his party as the spokesmen of Poland. It is the smallest of the Polish parties, and the most reactionary: and it is also clerical and anti-Semitic. But it has one merit for our Foreign Office: it wants to annex Posen and a Prussian port. Other parties are more moderate. On the eve of the Second Russian Revolution our Foreign Office (October 31st, 1917) was dreaming of forcibly detaching Posen from Prussia, just as on the eve of the first M. Poincaré bargained for the Left Bank of the Rhine. While a still loyal Russia prayed for an early general peace, and begged in vain for the revision of the extravagant war-aims, these were the messages from London that fed her despair. Another glimpse shows us the Allied Conference of August last in London. The Russian *Chargé d'Affaires* is admitted only "at the last minute." Mr. George opens the proceedings by proposing a sharp message about "unstable government and lack of discipline in Russia." Thanks to M. Thomas, a message of greeting was sent instead. None the less, the British and French ambassadors delivered a formal scolding, as we know from M. Terestchenko's protesting despatch. These people would learn nothing from men who knew the conditions in Russia, neither from Mr. Henderson nor even from the more pliable M. Thomas. They have flung Russia away, and to-day, with a long record of lost chances of peace behind them, Mr. Churchill talks of our peril as though it were the hand of God rather than the folly of his colleagues which had brought it upon us.

It may be too late now to talk of getting Russia back into the active ranks. It is for the future we must care. We must see to it that Russia is not permanently alienated. We can guess the nature of Germany's designs. Poland, Courland, and Lithuania are valuable items which she may absorb into her economic system,

while leaving them their domestic independence. She looks further than that, however, and it is probable that she intends to propose an economic treaty to Russia, by which she will secure Russia's wheat exports, and gain a free market for her manufactures. It is idle to meet such scheme with anger. They are the reply to the Paris Resolutions. If we talk of closing the world's markets to Germany she is likely to use her military successes to secure the Eastern market to herself. Military efforts are not likely to break this immense Central-Eastern Coalition. The only solvent for it is commercial freedom. We must recognize a "right to work" for all nations. We can meet this military-economic combination only by insisting on the two general principles of disarmament and economic peace. To open the Eastern-Central market to ourselves we must be ready to open the world-market to Germany. To meet her ambition to dominate the man-power of Central Europe we must recur to the Pope's proposals of disarmament. Meanwhile, let us remember that each fresh word that alienates Russia furthers a scheme for the future bisection of civilization.

MAXIMS ABOUT IRELAND.

BY AN IRISHMAN.

THE Irish question is no longer a question between Unionism and Home Rule, but a question between self-government inside the Empire and self-government outside the Empire.

Extreme Unionism as regards Ireland is not only treason to the Empire, but treachery to the Allied cause.

If Ireland accepts the British Empire for the sake of Ulster, Ulster must accept the Irish nation for the sake of the Empire.

There is no argument for giving Ulster complete separation from the rest of Ireland which would not be equally valid for giving Ireland complete separation from the rest of the United Kingdom.

The failure of the Convention would not mean that the Irish question was insoluble. It would only mean that it would have to be solved over the heads of the minority.

The cure for such Irish hostility to England as remains is not more tyranny but more liberty.

The proportion of Irishmen hostile to England is, probably, no greater than that of Englishmen hostile to Ireland.

Lieutenant T. M. Kettle said that it was incredible that England should go "to fight for liberty in Europe, and for Junkerdom in Ireland."

Query: Whether the "Spectator's" references to Ireland are not as grossly outrageous as any Sinn Féin's paper's references to England?

It is the fashion in Unionist circles to say that it was Birrellism which made the Irish rebellion possible. It would be nearer the truth to say that it was Birrellism which made an Irish rebellion impossible. When the rebellion took place in Easter week, Ireland was not there. This was due to the fact that Mr. Birrell had to some extent been able to act as a drag on the wheel of a policy of Prussianism and provocation.

There would have been no Irish rebellion if it had not been for Sir Edward Carson. He is the only living statesman of whom such a statement can be made with absolute certainty.

A second query: Whether Sir Edward Carson has not been a more effective anti-English influence in Ireland than German gold?

If Ireland had been a free country during the last hundred years, she would have had at least double her

present population, and her interests would have compelled her to send an army of a million men to the aid of the Allies in order to prevent Germany from dominating the seas and becoming the overlord of Europe. That is a measure of what the Carsons and the "Spectators" of these and other days have cost England and the Allies.

To make an idol of law and order is political atheism. If law and order were the chief end of civilization, then there would be no need to dread a Prussian victory. The Prussians have no other aim except to supply the world with law and order, on the understanding, of course, that it will be left to them to make the law and maintain the order.

Law and order are sacred as aids to liberty. As aids to tyranny, they are no more sacred than the thumb-screw and the boot.

Further query: Whether the denial of self-government to Ireland has paid England, or is ever likely to pay England?

The quality of freedom, like the quality of mercy, is twice blessed. It bleaseth him that gives and him that takes.

It was Mr. Murdstone who always kept saying: "Be firm, Clara!"

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

MUCH the most important sign of the times is the revulsion of feeling and opinion of which the Lansdowne letter was the conspicuous sign. The letter has done great good, and has made a far deeper mark on men's minds than the public acknowledgment of its effect would suggest. But it is essentially a symptom. It heralds the advance of a moderate party which will go on till it displaces the violent men and the rash counsels now in the ascendant. A great body of thoughtful people of all conditions and tastes—Tories, Liberals, Labor men—see that the ship's course is wrong and must be altered. Coarse and empty speeches like Sir Edward Carson's, with its rough defiance of American opinion, merely emphasize this movement; and Mr. Churchill's rhetoric shows how pertinent a task it is to put a little thinking into our incorrigibly light-minded statesmanship. The reaction began with the Northcliffe letter to Mr. George. Its arrogance and indiscretion were equally alarming, for they brought home to many minds the disquieting thought that power lay where it had no right to lie. What redeeming force of intellect or character could be alleged to cover the writer's sweeping depreciation of his country and her effort? None. The letter was as empty as it was ominous.

MUCH the same critical judgment is turned upon the Prime Minister. The idea that to bring off a *coup* of "political strategy" he had extemporized an imaginary conquest of the submarine is underlined by the "Telegraph's" warning note about the danger from the sea. There is the usual cry for more man-power. But it does not touch the cause of such scarcity as exists. The true Food Controller, as the "Telegraph" well says, is the Admiralty. What has it done either to fight the submarine or to replace its ravages? Well, not enough, or nearly enough, as the Prime Minister himself must know. The all-into-the-Army policy is up again at a

moment when tens of thousands of skilled shipbuilders are doing soldiers' work in France and elsewhere. The lack of man-power was due to one great political blunder—the Government's treatment of the Russian Revolution. And that treatment in its turn was due to the fact that we had put our war-aims too high, and had not the moral courage to reduce them. Now the effort to restore our food supplies and our military communications to their proper strength is again thwarted by the old failure to realize that man-power means ship-power, money-power, and will-power, as well as soldier-power.

THEN comes the political difficulty. If the country, or the Parliamentary parties, felt sure of a strong alternative Government, the Ministry would have short shrift. And there is rich and ample material. What is wanted is leadership. During the last month or so, as even the "Express" has been quick to note, the Opposition has found itself. Liberals, Labor men, and Nationalists (with no little encouragement from a growing body of Tory malcontents) have come together, thought together, voted together, with barely a word of inspiration or guidance from their chiefs. As a rule, the Front Opposition Bench has done nothing. Its material place of abode is usually empty; its "spiritual home" (if it has one), I cannot trace. So the soldiers fight alone, or under Mr. Pringle's brilliant captaincy. A Tory individualist leads in the battle of conscience; the Radicals struggle for the alternative vote, without which Liberalism perishes at the polls; and the fight for liberty of opinion is weakly lost by Mr. Samuel. Yet the country is going the way of Liberalism (in a broad, almost a non-party, sense); and Mr. Asquith, after his excellent speech at Birmingham, may, if he chooses, lead a great force the way it wants to go—that is to say, towards a new Europe and a good peace.

THE man of Cabinet rank who cuts most ice is Mr. Henderson. He speaks and acts with vigor, has a policy, pursues it, advances it, says nothing intangible or extreme, and yet is gradually leading the nation back to those conceptions which burned clear in men's minds when the war began. And this superficial movement springs from the working of the unseen spiritual forces in our life. Rescue is imperative. The war is a monster that drains our blood, like the vampire, while we sleep; and yet the country is resolute that its fame and future must be safeguarded, and no tyrant Power be left to sprawl over the Continent. The trouble is that in the pursuit of our own dreams our short-range statesmen fail to mark how quickly the worse German dream is disappearing. That is why an effort to rouse the country to sense and calm thought is so necessary. And Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Henderson are making it.

THE dinner of the O.P. Club to Sir Thomas Beecham was a handsome tribute; but one could not help thinking that his host should have been the Lord Mayor, or the Chairman of the London County Council, or the Commissioner of Works. That was the kind of compliment which would have been paid him had he chanced to have been born a Frenchman, or a German, or an Italian. As it is, he has to bear the weight of his tremendous enterprise on his own shoulders, with Lady Cunard's energy and zeal for good music to help him. I thought he exactly hit the point when he laid the main

fault of London's low standard of musical taste on the Press—that enemy of progress. Supposing that in the last twenty years the prevailing force in London journalism had been as keen for good music (and good drama) as it is for sport and sensational excitement. Suppose it had had behind it such an intelligent and yet unbending spirit of criticism, as, let me say, governs the "Manchester Guardian" and the "Birmingham Post." Supposing, that is to say, it could have had Mr. Scott in Lord Northcliffe's place. Well, I don't think that Sir Thomas would have had to talk of transferring the headquarters of English opera from London to Manchester, for everything that was brilliant, fresh, and especially refined and good in Sir Thomas's venture would have been faithfully and yet warmly appraised. I hope the migration will never happen. But it would serve London right if it did.

AND it is not music alone which suffers. The other day I visited the Repertory Theatre of Birmingham. It was a very unpretending affair. Yet I saw there a vivid and poignant little work of art by Mr. Drinkwater, admirably calculated to clear and raise one's thoughts about war; and two short plays by Yeats and Shaw. During the season, a singularly interesting and complete choice had been made from the best of our drama, ancient and modern. In what London theatre could one see anything as good? What has happened to the serious drama during the four or five last years? It has almost disappeared. Shakespeare is no longer played in "fashionable" London. Ibsen, too, save for a play which is supposed to have a "bearing" on the war, has almost gone, though his fame is undimmed, and his method unsurpassed by any of his successors. We have had a play or two of Brioux, which is better than nothing; and two good, if slight, works by Galsworthy and Barrie, but hardly anything which rises to the level of imaginative drama. Now and then there is a flash of the slighter wit, the slighter criticism. But essentially the thunder of the guns, and the deeper storm in men's souls, are answered only by the laughter which is as the crackling of thorns under a pot.

PROFESSOR VILLARI's death in extreme old age brings one's mind back not only to his refined, reserved, and charming personality, and that of his English wife, but to the period of his fame, his work for Italy as a leader of her revival, and his commemoration of her great representative men, Savonarola and Machiavelli. Villari's two best books have both attained to wide popularity in England. They are quite different in tone and intention. The glorious Savonarola is a prose epic; the Machiavelli an ingenious, disputable, half-successful, and elaborately balanced apology. It dissipated a good many vulgar errors about Machiavelli; but for most of us Lord Morley's essay has resettled the moral controversy on its familiar lines. Villari's home in Florence was for long the resort of the privileged visitor and of the best Florentine life. It is sad to think that the great scholar who saw the sun of modern Italy rise, and adorned it with his genius, should have lived on to this dim hour. Happily, he has a brilliant son who will assuredly survive to see it shine again.

ONE reads the story of the latest capture of Jerusalem a little in the mood in which Heine clung to the Cross

on the Hartz Mountain—"with a smile, with a sigh." Jerusalem taken from the Turk, in the hour of darkness and oblivion for the Christian spirit which he who first breathed it suffered for himself and foretold for the world! Would you recapture it, for an hour's fancy, so that in this re-paganized society the lost image of Jesus may live again in your bosom? Then read Tolstoy's story of the pilgrim who reached Jerusalem and the pilgrim who returned without a sight of the Holy City—the story of "Two Old Men." Or if you have not the good fortune to have that lovely resetting of the Gospel in your possession, turn again to the immortal words that Tolstoy placed at the head of his parable:—

"The woman saith unto him, Sir, I perceive that thou art a prophet. Our fathers worshipped in this mountain, and ye say that in Jerusalem is the place where men ought to worship. Jesus saith unto her, Woman believe me, the hour cometh when neither in this mountain, nor in Jerusalem, shall ye worship the Father . . . But the hour cometh and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and truth; for such doth the Father seek to tell his worshippers."

My readers may like to see the actual form of the forged German leaflet which an official of the Ministry of Munitions concocted for distribution (from sham German aeroplanes) during the Engineers' Strike. Here it is:—

To Engineers on Strike!
KAMERADS!
Greetings and thanks,
Wilhelm II.
Hindenburg.

Berlin, 19th May, 1917.

No more guns; no more tanks.
No more aeroplanes; many thanks!

The leaflet bore no printer's name or address. It was destroyed, say the officials. What happened to the concoctor of it? Is the department from which it was issued the same as that which produced the *agent provocateur*? And what kind of a nest of iniquity is this which harbored it and him?

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE NEW JERUSALEM: 1920.

It was a stroke of luck for me that Roxburgh should have been appointed one of the Commissioners of the Palestine Protectorate just before I received my summons to return to my post in the Chinese Inland Mission. For it helped me to realize a plan for some time vaguely floating in my mind, to break my journey at Port Said, put in a fortnight's travel through the Holy Land, perhaps reaching Jerusalem in time for the tail-end of the great pan-Christian Synod. Roxburgh, of course, had at his disposal every facility of travel, and seemed glad of my company. We had an uneventful voyage, and, arriving at Jerusalem, found it in the possession of a cosmopolitan crowd collected from every corner of the earth. We put up at Lyon's new caravanserai, the "Cœur de Lion," fitted out with every convenience, swimming baths, theatre, a Boots' Library, and a snappy little newspaper, "The Prophet." After dinner, we spied in the great Fumoir the robust figure of the Bishop of Silchester, the most pushing of those younger prelates who, favored by the Old Age Service Act, were taking the Church firmly in hand. Silchester I knew was filled with the spirit of scientific management, which he deemed as applicable to religion as to any other line of business.

Roxburgh, who knows everybody, introduced me,

and we sat together smoking. We found him in a great state of indignation. It wasn't so much the Synod itself that was the trouble. He had recognized all along that the Unity of Christendom was an exceedingly delicate plant, needing the utmost care from Paul, Apollos, and the other gardeners. The warring sects and missions could hardly be expected to yield at once to the healing influence of a Pax Britannica which had fought its way so recently into the holy Citadel.

"Well, Bishop," said Roxburgh, "what is the real trouble? Possibly I may be able to be of some service."

"It's that Guggenheim-Schiff crowd," replied the Bishop. "And after all that British Christianity has done and suffered for the restoration of their country! Besides, you know that I, at any rate, have always been insistent on giving the financiers a fair show."

"Well, what have they been up to?"

"Why, when actually pretending to bargain with the pan-Christian Board of Works on a share-and-share alike policy, they formed a private syndicate, sent out secret agents to deal with the sheikhs, and got options upon every one of the Holy Places not previously pre-empted—all with a view to a vast Development Scheme of their own."

"Yes," said Roxburgh, "that is playing it rather low down. But after all, does it matter so very much? When you want money, you must go where money is."

"Does it matter, my dear sir! It matters everything. Why, what is to become of the great new hope of a Christianity consecrated by the blood of myriads of crusaders and radiating a holy spirit of atonement from the very fields of Armageddon? Think of all the sacred memories handed over to the desecrating grip of Judaism. Of course, I didn't say all I felt before the Synod. Everybody knows that I have always stood for compromise and accommodation."

"But, surely, Bishop, you were able to do a deal with the Jew Syndicate. For, after all, politics count, and Palestine remains a British Protectorate."

"Well, I tried bargaining. I offered them not only practically all the Old Testament values, but threw in one or two concessions to their scheme of a pleasure city; for instance, the 'joy' railway up the Mount of Olives, with the Casino at the top. But I struck a particularly tough streak of Hebrew obstinacy. And they kept bringing up one argument which, I confess, was rather awkward for our Board to meet."

"What was that?"

"Well, it was the dispensation voted by Convocation for what is popularly called 'the return to Moses.' I never liked this step. It ought to have been managed in another way. They kept throwing this in our teeth, insisting that we had given away what they rudely termed 'the whole Christian show.' Of course, there's nothing in the argument, for when the war is over we shall soon become as Christian as ever. But it was a good debating point. I tried to turn it by carrying the conflict into the camp of finance, reminding them that the success of their developmental plans would, after all, depend upon the popularity of Jerusalem among the Christian peoples. I put it to them as business men. Were they not out for capitalizing the goodwill of the Holy Places on a sound popular basis? How, then, could they dispense with the Y.M.C.A. tourists?"

"That seems a sound enough argument."

"So I thought. But Meyer (the Hirsch-Goldstein man, you know) made a rejoinder which was a little disconcerting and needs thinking over, when he insisted that after the war the Jews alone would have the money for expensive travel."

"It's a most serious situation. For the position of the Christian Churches in the West, as you know, is exceedingly precarious. Our necessary war concessions have been an easy target for superficial scepticism. Everything now depends on having in our hands the wonder-working glamor of Jerusalem. But everywhere they are trying to thwart us. For instance, there is that great historic Cinema of the Holy City. Do you know that, in the alleged interests of historic continuity, Glucksteins, who were to produce the films, are now insisting that the whole of 'the Jesus story' shall be

presented from what they call the objective standpoint as an incident in Jewish history. An absolutely wrecking policy. I put the matter plainly to Saul Gluckstein himself. 'Speaking for the Christian Churches, where do we come in?' Unfortunately, they had got hold of some of the Palestine Exploration cranks, who put in a lot of nasty probing as to the historicity of several of the Holy Places."

"I suppose," I interjected, "there must be a certain amount of discordance between the religious and business interests?"

"Well," he replied, "it's not exactly that, though on the surface it may seem so. Take, for instance, the famous case of Bethesda, which is before the mixed Tribunal. Here is a squabble between a group of Italian monks, strongly backed by the Vatican, seeking to exploit the waters for miraculous healing, and a syndicate of hard-headed Scotch doctors who, finding by analysis rich carbonic acid deposits, see in it an admirable substitute for Nauheim. Why, the faction fight between the partisans of these two schemes became so serious that the Arab Guards had at one time to be called in. Quite like old times."

"But the crucial example is the grand scheme for the restoration of the Temple. The financial operation is, of course, in the hands of the great international syndicate, who, while preserving the ancient plan and proportions of the building, propose immensely to increase its size and to plant round it a vast garden suburb of eligible villa residences, to be occupied by the officials of the International Finance Bureau. The scheme was hatched since I left England, and I do not profess to have a clear grasp of its meaning. Perhaps you, Roxburgh, can throw some light upon it?"

"Well, yes. I think I can," said Roxburgh. "For I have had several long talks about it with Abram Hart, who you know is the moving mind in it. His central thought is that of making the Temple symbolize the harmony between what he terms the two converging spiritual influences—finance and religion. They are the two modes in which Faith or Credit finds full expression. 'So long,' he says, 'as they are kept apart, or even treated as rivals for the heart of man, conflicts will arise. Not until business is stripped of its materialistic husk and is refined into a purely spiritual process can religion win its full dominion, playing freely through all those processes of life deemed "secular" according to the old false dualism.' Hart first approached the subject as a practical financier."

"Wasn't he the man who, early in the war, engineered the great copper corner?" I asked.

"Yes," said Roxburgh, "that's the man. But he had not then found illumination. It came, he says, as a flash to him that it was precisely this reconciliation that the Hebrew genius was in search of throughout history. Everywhere the Hebrew had shunned, by a sort of providential warning, the baser sorts of manual labor. His instinct was always for 'value' and for those modes of commerce by which value was created without degrading toil. Such materials as they consented to handle as craftsmen were those where crude matter played the smallest part, skill and cunning the largest. So everywhere he kept emerging as the dealer in the most abstract and general of all values, money; and money he persisted in refining into the spiritual and intellectual qualities of faith or confidence."

"Everywhere, so Hart contends, he has been misunderstood. For in all these processes of financial evolution, which have now culminated in the International Reserve Bank of Jerusalem, it was the religious prompting that was at work and refused to rest until the reconciliation was effected and the economic striving reached its spiritual goal."

"This great ultimate truth was to be symbolized by the ceremonial deposit of the Gold Reserve, upon which the whole fabric of world finance now rests, in the vaults of the Temple, the economic Holy of Holies. Such was the gist of his conversation with me."

"And I dare say," replied the Bishop, "that there's something in it. But surely it is carrying it a little far

to propose that the ground floor, carrying the pillars of the Temple, shall form the premises of the Gold Standard Bank and the International Bourse with all its tapes and tickers. To set up once more the money-changers' tables is surely too much of a slap in the face for Christian tradition. Why, they would be wanting licenses to sell doves next, and what would then become of the duration of the war?"

Roxburgh here broke in: "But Hart insists that the whole money-changers' story rests on a vulgar misunderstanding of the rabbinical teaching that 'there is money in religion, and religion in money,' with its repudiation of the false fission in the divine purpose. It sets in a new light, he contends, the doctrine of Atonement."

"But surely," I murmured, "no man can serve two masters."

"Tut! Tut!" said the Bishop. "I don't deny that there is much to be said for Hart's policy of reconciliation. If I may express myself with due reverence, I have always regarded that strong antithesis of God and Mammon as somewhat needlessly over-stressed, or at least unfortunately worded. The Church of England, at any rate, has never stood in the way of an accommodation, nor, it is fair to add, has any of the major Churches of Christendom. My criticism of Hart's policy is that it tends to give too conscious a prominence to a controversial issue. Let it remain an open philosophic question whether the relation between the two shall be of the nature of a complete 'merger,' a balance of power, or a working arrangement, modifiable to meet the needs of each country and each age. My mind inclines strongly to the last treatment, as more plastic and more conformable to the spirit of compromise. Our British genius is for letting incompatibles jog along together as best they can, keeping them from inconvenient encounters as far as possible, but not insisting that they shall embrace each other."

"Then you do not, Bishop," I slyly suggested, "yearn after the unity of a 'higher synthesis?'"

"Well, no," he replied, frowning slightly; 'a modus vivendi' meets my inclination better."

"Isn't that usually called making the best of both worlds?" Roxburgh playfully interjected.

"Maybe, maybe," the Bishop replied, a little testily. "We are in this world after all; it is our duty to make the best of it."

"And take the best of it?" I ventured to put in.

"Ah, well," the Bishop smiled; "Providence has sometimes laid our lives in pleasant places. But we must always remember that the march of civilization is justified by its mission."

"But talking of marches reminds me that you are just in time to witness the greatest of all the spectacular scenes in connection with the Restoration, which takes place to-morrow."

"And what is that?" I asked.

"Oh! the ceremonial return of the Chosen People to the City of their Choice, followed by the solemn service of renunciation."

"And what," I asked, "do they renounce?"

"Two things, I understand; first their sojourn in the House of Bondage so long and so unwillingly endured."

"And do they," I inquired, "propose to leave their bonds behind?"

"Well, no," he said; "I gather they intend to lay them formally upon a temporary altar erected in the vestibule of the Temple, afterwards to be transferred to the vaults. One of the most interesting groups in the procession consists of representatives of the Transvaal Companies, who will with due solemnities transfer the soul of the Rand, its share certificates, from Johannesburg to the New Jerusalem, thus completing the spiritual symbolism of the Golden City."

"But you said there were two acts of renunciation. What is the other?"

"The renunciation of the Gentile names which they were forced to bear in their unhappy exile."

"Forced to bear!" said I: "why, I thought that—"

"Never mind that," broke in Roxburgh, rather

rudely. "It will be a great day that sees every Montagu reverting to his proper Samuel, every Lowe and Lee and Law confessing Levi, and all the Mondes relinquishing their patriotic grip upon Britain in order to take up their citizenship here."

"Yes," replied the Bishop; "they will be sadly missed at first. But time will assuage our grief for this as for other losses. And besides, they will not be wholly lost to us. For we must not forget that Jerusalem is now a city of the British Empire, and possessing a 'peculiar people' it has a peculiar part to play under Providence in our Imperial purpose."

"I fear," said I, "that I don't quite understand what that holy purpose is."

"My friend," he replied, "have you forgotten the words of the sweet Psalmist: 'Jerusalem is built as a city that is at unity with itself?' It is assuredly designed that this spirit of unity, radiating from the holy capital, shall gradually fill the whole of our great Empire with its healing virtue. No," he continued, evidently recalling a fragment of his famous sermon on Alliance Sunday; "the age of miracles has not passed, nor may this spirit of unity be confined within the broad limits of the British Empire. I see a vision of our puissant Confederation drawing freely its invigorating draughts of spiritual and financial power from the same unfailing fount—the New Jerusalem—'Jerusalem the Golden'."

"THE FUNNY WONDER."

OF the comparatively recent additions to our British aristocracy Viscount Northcliffe is certainly the most conspicuous. Day by day, morning, noon, and night, the Sabbath morn included, his organs of opinion and selected news disseminate far and wide throughout the country such ideas as he possesses or considers opportune. Cabinets shiver at his frown. Premiers listen to his behests, and with sighs for lost liberty obey. From hemisphere to hemisphere he goes on progress as England's triumphant representative. When lately, in the House of Commons, the question was asked whether it was not better to be led by Lord Lansdowne than driven by Lord Northcliffe, no answer could be given, because no one dared to say it was. But all knew that, untrammelled by responsibility, unchosen, untrusted, uncontrolled, this new-fangled Viscount was driving our country whither he pleased, and all perceived the abyss of chaos to which his random course had brought her. No one now disputes the aristocrat's power. He set out to gain it, and by energy, persistence, and an intimate knowledge of kindred minds, he has achieved the object of his desire. Many years ago, in an interview with the "North American Review," the Viscount (then Mr. Harmsworth) thus expressed his ideal:—

"Let us suppose one of the great American newspapers under the control of a man of the journalistic ability of Delane, the greatest of the former editors of the London 'Times' . . . backed by an organization as perfect as that of the Standard Oil Company, and issued simultaneously each morning in (say) New York, Boston, Chicago, Pittsburg, St. Louis, Philadelphia, and other points in America; or at London, Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Edinburgh, Belfast, and Newcastle in Great Britain. Is it not obvious that the power of such a paper might become such as we have not yet seen in the history of the Press? And would not such a journal effectually revive the waning influence of the newspaper upon the life and thought of the nation?"

Such was his aim, and he has accomplished it. That he should have accomplished it without possessing the ability of Delane only adds to the wonder of his achievement. With an organization as perfect as that of the Standard Oil Company he now issues simultaneously to the British cities which he mentioned, not one, but at least four of his papers from London alone, each echoing the other's outcries, all harping on the same note, all combined to drive the country and her Government whither he will. He has indeed created for himself such a power as we have not yet seen in the history of the Press. If the influence of the newspaper was waning, he has

revived that influence upon the life and thought (we suppose one must call it thought) of the nation.

Such success is wonderful, as we said, and all who duly worship success will agree in calling the man who achieved it a wonder. There was a paper called "The Wonder" when Mr. Harmsworth (now Viscount Northcliffe) took it over twenty-one years ago, but afterwards he called it "The Funny Wonder," a title which it still retains. It was one of his stepping-stones to greatness, and now it stands, among many others, firmly planted in the basis of his wealth and power. But what is the nature of this basis upon which so vast a superstructure has been erected? We suppose it all began with "Answers," which was purchased nearly thirty-five years ago. But the real foundations were not truly laid till the institution of the Amalgamated Press in 1896. Fleetway House is now the home of that amalgamation, and thence issues "The Funny Wonder," together with some thirty other periodicals adapted to "The Funny Wonder's" type of mind. There are other publications as well—atlasses, encyclopædias, self-educators, popular history books, and what not. But let us only glance at the periodicals of which "The Funny Wonder" is a specimen.

"Comic Cuts," "Illustrated Chips," and "The Butterfly and Firefly" are scarcely to be distinguished from "The Funny Wonder" itself. To look at one is to look at all—the same crowded pictures of inane jokes and knockabout farces, nine to fifteen on the page, hideous, commonplace, destitute of wit and even of "fun"; the same silly slang; the same mean and depressing outlook upon life. Let us take "The Firefly," incorporated with "The Butterfly," and described as "The Grandest of all the Comics"; for it is only fair to judge from what is advertised as the best. In the number for December 8th, the following monologue appears with eight illustrations in "the grandest of all the comics" style:—

"Dear People—T'other night I engaged a fellow to act the part of an echo." (The speaker is a hideous woman on the stage). "'When I say a thing, all you've got to do is to repeat it,' I tootled. 'Twig?' 'Righto!' wuffed he. Well, I stowed him in the wings, and when I went on I called out, 'Are you there?' thinking, of course, he'd repeat it. But the silly jay came on and bleated, 'Of course I am!' Whereupon the audience called out 'Fraud!' so I booted him off, and to appease them told them I'd warble the good old song, 'Keep the Home Fires Burning.' Well, right in the middle of it down came a sack of coal from above and floored me. That chap had taken his revenge by getting the drop on me from the flies. 'That'll keep the home fires burning a treato!' he yapped. When I'd recovered from the shock, I made the audience a present of that coal. And, my word, weren't they glad! All except the conductor, who got a handy lump on his nose-piece. And so filled with annoyance was he that he heaved it back, biffing me severely on the right optic, and upsetting a bit of scenery, which fell over the conductor's napper and boxed him up properly. 'Now I'll conduct!' said I, as I walked the plank, as it were. And I did too, using my good old broly as a baton. And the shouts of 'good old T.E.D.' made the welkin ring."

That is the sort of thing that passes for humor in Viscount Northcliffe's periodicals; and, indeed, it is exceptionally good of its kind. A tedious and melancholy search through all the companion "comics" has discovered nothing less stupid.

Mixed up with this species of "fun" are found commonplace and ill-written detective stories, Wild West stories, prize-fight stories, and obvious adventures in which the hero "grits his teeth." Other periodicals, such as "Forget-Me-Not," "The Heartsease Library," and the "Home Companion," purvey "printed matter" for girls and women in the form of nauseating sentimentality and frivolous information. A "feature" in "Forget-Me-Not" is "Confidential Chat," in which advice is given to imaginary (for the sake of human sanity, we hope imaginary) girl correspondents. The advice consists of this kind of twaddle (extracted from December 8th number):—

"Be patient, my dear. . . . I hope by the time you see this he will have arrived, and things will be all right between you."

"I think you would do well, my dear, to have a talk with your parents."

"Mirza" tells me a sad little story, and she has my very real sympathy. . . . Poor little sweet-heart. I am so sorry for you! It was thoughtless and tactless of the friend to act as she did, but I think the blame is to be laid upon the man."

"Aline" is worried, and seeks my help."

Heaven help "Aline" if she can find no better help on earth than the slush of "Forget-Me-Not!" Other periodicals supply the sort of stuff which the Amalgamated Press thinks suitable for boys—"The Boys' Friend," "The Marvel," "The Gem Library," "The Penny Popular," "The Union Jack," and so on. The late Headmaster of Eton has been protesting against "The Loom of Youth" in this month's "Contemporary." Perhaps he would prefer the Northcliffe sort of thing to the terrible and unanswered indictment of our public schools in that brilliant book. Let him open "The Gem Library" No. 512, and after an explanatory argument, he will find the ominous command, "Now read on." If he obeys, he is met with this kind of dialogue:—

"You can't mean what you say?"

"I generally do," replied Flip. "I haven't got into your way of talking out of my hat, and I'm not mixed now. It's as I tell you."

"By Jupiter! You must have had a good nerve to ask these three together!"

"Pon suggested it."

"Whew! What game is he up to now?"

"I don't think he's up to any game," Flip answered. "Isn't it reasonable enough to suppose that he's got sick of all this silly jangling?"

"It's reasonable enough, but it don't sound a dashed bit like Pon. There was Saul of Tarsus, of course—his conversion was middlin' sudden. But Pon don't remind me a lot of him. What do you think, Tun?"

"I don't think. I'll do like another historical character—I'll wait an' see, by Jupiter!"

"Deep—deep—deep!" crooned Cocky.

"He's talkin' about—"

Merton cut off his sentence very sharply, for Pon came in just then, and it was Pon's name he had been going to mention.

"How's your poor face?" inquired Cocky, in quite a sympathetic tone.

"By gad, that bird's a dashed knock-out!" said Pon. "He means my frontispiece, of course. Thank you, old boy, it's very well, all things considered."

Nor does the Amalgamated Press neglect the formation of the infant mind. "Puck" and "The Rainbow" are intended to appeal to children with colored pictures of practical jokes and crazy farces, just the stuff to prepare a child's nature for "Comic Cuts" and "The Funny Wonder" as years bring wisdom. They do not, however, contain incitements to gambling, like the periodicals adapted to boys, girls, and people of later life. In an interview in the "Sketch" of July 18th, 1894, Mr. Harmsworth (now Viscount Northcliffe) explained that, in the early days of the "Answers" business, he ran up the weekly circulation from 78,000 to 205,000 by promising £1 a week for life to anyone who could guess the amount of the Bank of England's return for a certain week. Then came the enterprise with the "missing word" gamble, which was afterwards declared illegal. Gambling still remains one of his aids to circulation, and last week it took the form of an offer of £500 to anyone who correctly guesses the result of twenty football matches to be played on December 8th, the list of the matches being given, or £50 to the competitor who comes nearest in his guess.

So the thing goes on. By incitements to gambling, by pictures and stories which are models of vulgar hideousness, sentimentality, and debasing "fun," the Amalgamated Press acquires its profits and helps to maintain Lord Northcliffe's wealth and power. We cannot suppose that they are concerned with the effect of all this trash upon the mind and character of the country, except in so far as it may educate its purchasers to appreciate the "Daily Mail," and to follow its policy. But to all who would maintain the traditions of beauty, noble emotion, and genuine humor, the diffusion of such publications among a half-educated people must appear

ominous. It is, indeed, more ominous even than the sinister power of the man whose influence is founded upon it, and by whom it has been said that the country is driven—the man who, in an interview with "Le Matin" (December 1st), speaking of Lord Lansdowne's statesman-like letter, had the effrontery to assert, "Cette lettre est la manifestation stupide et senile d'un vieillard qui a perdu le controle de lui-même."

WHAT DO SOLDIERS BELIEVE?

WHAT does the soldier believe? How far does religion influence his life? Is he, in fact, influenced by religion at all? I have sometimes been asked questions such as those by my friends who are anxious to know something of the private soldier's attitude towards life and death, and when I attempt to make an adequate answer to each question I find myself in an extraordinarily difficult position. Organized religion seems to have no influence whatever on the soldier. I should say that the Roman Catholic Church has the strongest hold on its members, the various Nonconformist sects the second strongest hold, and the Church of England the least. Numerically, in my regiment at all events, the Church of England leads the Nonconformists and the Roman Catholics, but it is perfectly obvious that many of the Anglicans are Anglicans but nominally.

But religious influence does not consist in professing allegiance to this or that form of faith, and so the divisions of the regiment give no indication whatever of the extent to which the men are moulded by their beliefs. I should say that, on the whole, Christianity has singularly little influence on the mass of the men in the ranks, and since most of them have lately been in civil life, that is tantamount to saying that Christianity has singularly little influence on the whole life of these islands. I am aware, of course, that statements such as that have frequently been made before, but it is only in time of crisis that one understands the truth of some familiar statement.

One detects in the conversation of the rank-and-file a curious strain of disappointment when they talk, as they sometimes do, of religion. Here is something, they seem to say, which ought to have made the war impossible, but has not done so; and in that disappointment I find a strong strain of contempt, or, failing that, indifference. It is not my business to discuss here the rightness or the wrongness of that view: it is my business merely to record it. Certainly, the failure of Christianity to influence the lives of these men does not appear to me to be datable from August, 1914: the beginning of the decline was longer ago than that. The curious flippancy with which the men speak of the Deity was not acquired in a couple of years, nor is the blasphemy, sometimes perfectly outrageous, which I frequently hear in the barracks, a thing of recent origin.

I should say that Church Parade is the most unpopular feature of Army life. Men actually prefer to perform fatigue work rather than go to church. It is a little difficult to understand this objection to Church Parade, particularly when one discovers that some of the most emphatic of the objectors go to church of their own accord in the evening. I imagine that a good deal of the objection lies in the fact that Church Parade is obligatory, and that it is accompanied by a great deal of "Form fours" and "Form two-deep," and "marching at attention." One gets the sensation at Church Parade of worshipping God by numbers. . . . At the same time, it must be remembered that some of the men go to church in the evening, not because of religious motives, but because it is dull to walk about in dark streets and cheerier to sit in a lit interior, where one may sing and listen to the music of an organ. Moreover, there is a certain amount of amorous intention in evening church-going. Girls are to be met at church—sometimes, indeed, "the girl" insists on a visit to church.

Whether there would be more or less churchgoing by soldiers if Church Parade were abolished I am unable to say. Some men certainly would never go to church, and their number would not be negligible; a fairly large

number would go irregularly, some for devotional reasons, others for purely social reasons; and a smaller number would go almost every Sunday, mainly because of a religious intention. But I feel certain that if Church Parade were abolished there would be far more religious feeling in the church-going soldiers than there is now. I have difficulty in understanding the religious purpose of a function such as Church Parade which causes men to let loose a great deal of bad language, nor can I see how it is possible to get into a devotional frame of mind on entering a church immediately after you have been told by a sergeant to "form two deep, for Christ's sake!" as I heard a sergeant say to a soldier one Sunday morning, as we were entering church. The plain truth about Church Parade is that it has become as much a piece of military drill as any other parade, and the Chaplain-General might seriously consider whether it is worth while sacrificing religion in this fashion.

But all these questions of the influence of Christianity on the soldier and the utility of Church Parade do not settle the question of how far the soldier feels the influence of religion, using the word religion in an undenominational sense. What does the soldier feel about life after death? Does he, while indifferent to or contemptuous of the tenets of Christianity, show signs of being influenced by some other form of religion? I think I can say, so far as my own regiment is concerned, that most soldiers believe in the existence of God, but I think it is true also to say that they are puzzled about God. They are not men who have explored the regions of theology very extensively or at all; at all events that was their position prior to August, 1914; but since the outbreak of the war, these men, rather crudely perhaps, but nevertheless very earnestly, have been asking questions of themselves and of each other concerning God and God's Nature. I have heard men in my billet talking about religion in that questioning fashion, and, on each occasion, the discussion ended vaguely, inconclusively. The men were out of their depth, and they knew that they were out of their depth, and so, having expressed their sense of puzzlement, they left the matter there.

But I have noticed, particularly in men who have been to the Front, that out of that vagueness and puzzlement is growing a curious sense of fatalism. One of my comrades, a man who had been through the fighting in the Persian Gulf and elsewhere, told me one night that the German bullet was not yet made which would kill him. "An' it never will be," he added with extraordinary assurance. My friend, the late Rupert Brooke, was equally assured that he would die during the war. The commonest speech uttered by men in the Army, when the talk turns to the chances of eluding death in battle, is, "Well, if your number's up, it's up!" and now and then a man will say, "There's a German bullet with a number on it, and it'll get you if it's your number, and there's no good in chewing the rag about it!" More and more does the belief in predestined death in war become part of the soldier's creed. He does not relate it to any wide theory of existence. He does not, unless he be from Scotland, understand what you mean when you speak of the doctrine of Predestination. But his faith in this settled fate is unshakable. There is no question of chance. He will not admit that every man who goes to the Front has the same hope of surviving or the same possibility of dying: he believes, simply and immovably, that some men are marked out to be slain and that others are not. How far that belief has come into the Army by way of India I cannot say, but the old or pre-war soldier has certainly inculcated the belief in the minds of the New Army.

Outside that belief in a settled fate there seems to be very little manifestation of religious spirit among the soldiers. There are many soldiers of a deeply religious bent of mind in the Army—a "Student in Arms" is a notable instance—but these men are highly individualised; they certainly are not representative of the soldiers as a whole. I am not unmindful of the fact that the average man, particularly the average Englishman, is chary of revealing his intimate feelings to

chance observers, and I have made allowance for the fact that I may have seen only the superficial side of my comrades' nature; but at the same time I do not believe it is possible for men so to conceal their spiritual character that it does not appear to exist at all or to disguise it so effectually that it seems to be something totally different. There is no indication whatever, apart from exceptional individuals, that the Christian faith has any deep hold on our soldiers' minds. There are signs of an entirely non-committal belief in God, vaguely held. There are more definite signs of difficulty in understanding just what is God's purpose, and a strong suspicion that perhaps that purpose is not quite so beneficent as they had sometimes imagined. And there is an unshakable belief that, in this war at all events, Something has settled definitely and irrevocably that for some men, as my drill-sergeant says, it is "thumbs up," and for some other men it is "thumbs down." Beyond that, there is nothing more to be said.

AN OFFICER.

Letters to the Editor.

THE MISUNDERSTANDING OF RUSSIA.

SIR,—The present Anglo-Russian relations are so strained and pregnant with incalculably grave consequences for the future of both countries, that I trust you will give publicity to my statement of facts and some reflections on the wise maxim "Hear all sides," even if you personally cannot agree with me. Probably you are aware that I am a native of Russia, and became a naturalized British subject several years before the present war broke out; so naturally I have the best interests of this country deeply at heart.

There can be no two opinions about the fact that a separate peace with Germany is an open flagrant breach of the London Agreement, solemnly signed by all the Allied Powers, nor about the fact that a German triumph would most certainly strengthen enormously Kaiserism at home and militarism everywhere. But the paramount fact is that the Russians have no longer any choice in the matter, having become so utterly exhausted in every respect that it is now simply a physical impossibility for them to continue even defensive, let alone offensive, operations. And even Napoleon, who uttered the famous phrase, "L'impossible c'est un mot que je n'use pas," had soon to learn the iron meaning and actuality of the word. So it seems to me, that instead of a general outcry and attacks and threats against the present arch-revolutionary "Bolshevik Government," it would be much wiser, expedient, and profitable in every respect to look facts straight in the face and make the best of them. For, frankly speaking, what can warnings and threats to Russia practically amount to? Can England and France send armies or fleets to Russia, depose those at present in power there, set up a new Government, and compel the Russians to renew their fighting? This, of course, seems to be out of the question, and mere platonic threats can have only one result, namely, the strengthening of the "Bolshevik" influence upon the Russian people, in the eyes of whom England will be charged with the main responsibility for the prolongation of the war, as she has already been charged by the same Bolsheviks with the responsibility of having secretly instigated the war at the very beginning.

Several fundamental facts of the situation should be clearly realized. First, the psychology and ideology of new Revolutionary Russia. The newly-hatched Russian statesmen, diplomatists, and administrators have no practical realization, no experience, no tradition of Government, and, what is still worse, "know not that they know not," but, on the contrary, firmly believe that they know and can do everything, can reform and improve the whole world by the fact alone of their will to do it and their readiness for self-sacrifice. Secondly, it is quite a mistaken notion to believe that the present "Bolshevik" Government has no popular support, as only usurpers of power, and do not represent the people. Their programme of immediate peace and free land for the peasants is just the one that must of necessity appeal to the people, and that enabled them to overthrow the Kerensky Government, in spite of the fact that the Bolshevik plots and preparations were quite well known beforehand to M. Kerensky and his advisers. It is better, therefore, to face this fact. The Bolsheviks may be ousted from power by other parties, but in the present circumstances it could be scarcely expected that another Government, or even the reinstatement of M. Kerensky, would be able to infuse into the Russian people a new warlike spirit, a new strength, which they have lost, and could not recover for a long time yet. Thirdly, it is a futile

method to attribute the latest happenings in Russia to the effect of German espionage and gold, much as these have been operative in other directions. Russians themselves smile at the charges against the Bolshevik leaders, whose whole life career was but a long martyrdom in the hands of the agents of Czar and Kaiser alike. Simply calling them bad names will not lead to any good purpose; on the contrary, it will create more bad blood, more bitter feeling. The Bolsheviks, for the moment anyhow, are in power, and one can certainly see sufficient grounds for the British Government not to hasten to acknowledge them. But why add quite unnecessary defiance and insult, when chances are still present that, after all, the Russian Extremists may yet become the real masters of the situation? Has not the war already brought surprises not foreseen by anyone?

I believe no one has rendered such signal service to the Kaiser personally and strengthened his throne as President Wilson and others, who repeatedly advise the German people first of all to overthrow their monarch if they want a speedy peace. President Wilson is right, but only from an American point of view. He evidently is unaware of, or unable to fully realize, the German point of view, which is that the Kaiser is the greatest German patriot, the far-seeing statesman, and the real pillar and saviour of the Fatherland. Equally, all foreign attacks, especially in unmeasured offensive language, upon the Bolsheviks, will only serve to help to strengthen their position in the eyes of the Russian people.

Undoubtedly, a Russian separate peace with Germany is the severest possible blow to the cause of the Allies, but it might have been expected, as a result of the successful revolution. For men, who have turned upside down the whole Czar's home policy, and thrown into the waste-paper basket all his ukases and fundamental laws of the State, were not likely to feel any scruples with regard to this foreign policy, and to treat tenderly treaties with other countries signed by his Ambassadors. In the history of Egypt we are told (Exodus i. 8), "Now there arose a new king over Egypt, which knew not Joseph," which, no doubt, meant that the new king did not acknowledge the promises and treaties of his predecessor with the alien Israelites or even with the native Egyptians themselves. This is a historical fact, repeated times without number in all other countries, and has just once more taken place in Russia. So far as I know, the British have a far greater material stake in Russia than the Russians have in this country, and any antagonistic action or even mere utterance by a statesman or in the Press breathing threats to Russia, would have the natural result of throwing that country more and more into the embrace of Germany. It is, indeed, too terrible to think that Russia and England, the Allies of yesterday, with most glorious prospects of future material and spiritual co-operation, could now suddenly find themselves on the eve of an open breach of friendly relations with most disastrous consequences ahead. For heaven's sake, let voices resound in England to avert the new catastrophe whilst there is yet time. I know there are powerful elements and influences in Russia in strong opposition to both the Bolsheviks' home and foreign policy. But even should these Anglophile elements fail in their effort to prevent a separate peace, it still behoves Englishmen to accept the fact with as much good grace as possible, and in no circumstances to alienate the Russians further still. For it is bad enough to lose a valuable friend, but it is worse still to turn him into an implacable foe.

I have, Sir, been a free citizen in this country for over twenty-seven years, and am indebted for my literary career and personal well-being to the freedom, liberality, and generosity of English people, so I feel myself most intimately identified with their patriotic anxieties and anguish in these terrible times, and can only hope that no misconception will be put upon my statement of facts and views.—Yours, &c.,

JAAKOFF PRELOOKER.

(Late Editor during eighteen years of
"The Anglo-Russian," London, &c.)

Ifield, Crawley, Sussex. December 9th, 1917.

THE POLITICAL CONSCIENCE.

SIR,—I agree with Lord Hugh Cecil when he makes a distinction between the religious objector and the political objector. As your correspondent, Mr. Richard Lee, seems not to have a clear conception of either conscience or the relation of the objector to law, it might be well that we state the terms of both. Conscience comes from *con* and *scio*, which means, in the compound, a knowledge between two, that is, God and myself. It is the judgment seat of the soul. Now, religion is of the soul, and strictly spiritual. It follows that the State has nothing to do with my religious beliefs, so long as they are not immoral, or injurious to my fellow citizens. And if, in the sight of God, I am called upon to do anything that clashes with my duty to Him, and to His commands, I must obey Him before man, or any secular authority.

But when we enter into the purely political realm, where

secular conditions obtain, and where we stand related to the State, conscience is called upon to submit to laws, which it may disapprove, simply because, as a citizen, in the interests of rational government, we must fall into line with the majority votes of the people. That is the teaching both of the Christian's Charter and elementary jurisprudence. The political objector, then, I conclude, is disloyal, not only to the State, but to the grounds upon which conscience claims to be heard. He ought, as a citizen, even if he differs with the Government of his country, to fall in, as a true democrat, with the voice of the nation, until he has persuaded the people to change their views. But, as the religious man puts his religion before his politics, and is prepared to suffer rather than to surrender his principles, the State should respect the higher claim, if, of course, it is based upon a genuine sense of right.—Yours, &c.,

A. GRAHAM-BARTON.

Kingsgate Chapel, Southampton Row, W.C.
December 3rd, 1917.

SIR,—I agree with Mr. Lee that the distinction which Lord Hugh Cecil attempts to draw between the religious and political objector is unsound. Lord Hugh is rarely distinguished for his logic; and his much-talked-of speech appears to me to be largely irrelevant, as well as anarchical.

But I fear that Mr. Lee's own position is equally hard to defend, either on grounds of logic or of political science.

Mr. Lee expressly claims that political objectors, whether their objections are valid or not, should not be excluded from citizenship, by which I assume he means they should not be disfranchised.

But I should like to point out that these men have already excluded themselves from citizenship. The State is an association for conduct not (at least, primarily) for the holding of opinions. Therefore, while it can claim no authority over opinion, it can rightly claim authority over conduct. How far that claim stands may be a matter of dispute; and, personally, I do not accept the views of the extreme exponents of the doctrine of sovereignty. But that consideration, whilst it would affect the extent of the imprisonment or other corporal punishment meted out to the C.O., cannot affect the right which every society claims and exercises to expel from its ranks those who ostentatiously defy its principles and resolutions. That is not persecution, but simple self-defence.

I will just put to Mr. Lee this question. Suppose I am a member of a trading partnership which, by a large majority, decides upon a vitally important step which is unquestionably within the scope of its business. For reasons which seem to me good, I decline to take any part in the step, which calls for the exercise of the full energies of all the partners. I may have the right (though that is doubtful) to withdraw my capital and energies from the firm. But by what conceivable right can I claim to continue to vote at the partnership meetings or in any way influence the conduct of the business? I cannot have it both ways. If I claim rights, I must recognize duties.

The true distinction, as a matter of expediency rather than of principle, is between those C.O.s who repudiate all obedience to the State's commands (sometimes, be it observed, even to the extent of using that very weapon of force which they profess to reject), and those who only refuse a particular form of service, while submitting themselves to danger and hardship in other forms. The example of the latter class is far less disastrous than that of the former; and for them I would have every consideration shown which is compatible with the safety of the State. As to the others, there is not even a presumption that they are right; they merely set up their so-called "conscience" against the conclusion arrived at by the great majority of their fellow-citizens.—Yours, &c.,

EDWARD JENKS.

THE PONTIFICATE OF PIUS THE NINTH.

SIR,—When your reviewer of Newman's Letters spoke of the "odious" Pontificate of Pius IX., I, as one of your many Catholic readers, saw no reason to make any protest; if your Reviewer believes the rule of Pius IX. to have been "odious," he has every right to his opinion. But when, in answer to your correspondent, Mr. Francis Wellesley, you say, editorially, that you presume your Reviewer was referring to the proclamation of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, I beg to enter an emphatic protest. There are a good many millions of us, quite intelligent persons, who can give abundant reason for the faith that is in us as regards that dogma, and why you should gratuitously wound us by connecting the word "odious" with it, even by inference, seems to me an act strangely inconsistent with those principles of liberal and charitable thought which have always distinguished THE NATION since I first began to read it many years ago. And—why?—Yours, &c.,

J. S. FLETCHER.

The Crossways, Hambrook, near Emsworth, Hampshire.
December 8th, 1917.

[Our correspondent must allow some latitude to a Reviewer.]

We did not identify ourselves with his point of view (nor did we dissent from it) when we gave what we supposed was the sense in which a "liberal" theologian would regard the Pontificate of Pius IX. Lord Acton might be quoted, we imagine, in a sense not entirely inconsistent with that of the Reviewer.—ED., THE NATION.]

SIR,—“Odious” is, no doubt, a relative term; and what seems odious to one person may not seem so to another. In applying the epithet to the Pontificate of Pius IX., I had in view its moral rather than its intellectual character: and I think that one need go no further than Chapter XIX. in Mr. Wilfrid Ward’s “Life of Newman,” entitled “Sad Days (1859-1864),” to justify it. In 1863 Newman writes:—

“There was some talk when the Bishop put in his plea against me of calling me to Rome. Call me to Rome—what does that mean? It means to sever an old man from his home, to subject him to intercourse with persons whose languages are strange to him . . . it means to oblige him to dance attendance on Propaganda week after week and month after month—it means his death. (It was the punishment on Dr. Baines, 1840-41, to keep him at the door of Propaganda for a year.) This is the prospect which I cannot but feel probable, did I say anything which our Bishop in England chose to speak against and report. Others have been killed before me.” (Vol. II., p. 588.)

Those who think “odious” too strong a word for such a régime may remember that Newman’s opinion of his co-religionists, even at home, was a poor one: “Catholics in England, from their very blindness, cannot see that they are blind.” And Mr. Ward tells us that “his thoughts went back wistfully to old friends and to the great work he had done at Oxford.” (Rp. 584, 574.)—Yours, &c.,

THE REVIEWER.

December 8th, 1917.

THE TYRANNY OF INTERESTS.

SIR,—There is an aspect of the existing government by Ukase which has not received the attention necessary if we are to avoid a combination of anarchy with tyranny of the worst sort. I am not alluding to the obvious tyranny exercised by a non-elected Government issuing regulations which it enforces by arbitrary or frequently secret methods; that is what we can all see. What is not so clearly seen is that protests against such regulations or methods are effective only when they have force at their back. The Government tends more and more to yield always to force and only to force. Under a system of representative government, where the representatives of the people are expected broadly to represent the interest of the whole, you do get questions discussed and looked at from that point of view. Where you have regulations promulgated by a central authority, disposing of the judicature and all its sanctions, protests arising even from the most deeply wronged have no effect at all unless they can threaten the central authority with a force at least measurable with its force. This is a situation dangerous to public order, and still more dangerous to liberty. We seem to be arriving at that internal “Balance of Power” to which some of the Guild Socialists look forward, and which seems to me to threaten the most sinister oppression of all who are unable to organize themselves into a fighting force. Of these, the home-building women are the largest, the most important, and the most vital section. If we are going to have “Government by Interests” and these interests are to be weighed by their fighting force, the welfare of the people is going to be attacked in its very home and cradle.

Many people who are at last being roused by the monstrous nature of recent Regulations and Inquisitions under D.O.R.A., do not, I think, realize that these are, in fact, developments of a very insidious movement begun long before the war, in the steady increase of government by Orders in Council and in the habit (by no one so much abused as by the present Prime Minister in passing his Insurance Bill) of interviewing representatives of “interests” and arriving at bargains between them; “interests” which are to a large extent truly “corrupt,” because they are at variance with the vital interests of the rest of the people. In the case of the Insurance Act these sections of the people were those who could dispose of no fighting force, the children and the home-building women. At the present time, representations made by the most wise have no effect unless a strike can be commanded of some force upon which the Government depends. We need a return to representative government, to the supremacy of the electors, and they should, of course, be the whole adult people.—Yours, &c.,

H. M. SWANWICK.

[We received some important comments on the Lansdowne Letter last week, which were too late for publication.—ED., THE NATION.]

Poetry.

THE LEAF-BURNERS.

UNDER two oak trees
on top of the fell,
With an old hawthorn hedge
to hold off the wind,—
I saw the leaf-burners
brushing the leaves
With their long brooms
into the blaze.
Above them the sky
scurried along,
Pale as a plate
and peered thro’ the oaks,
While the hurrying wind
harried the hedge.
But fast as they swept
feeding the leaves
Into the flame
that flickered and fumed,—
He, the Tree-shaker,
shaking the boughs,
Whirled others down,
withered and wan,—
Summer’s small folk,
faded and fain
To give up their life;
earth unto earth,
Ashes to ashes,
life unto death.

Far on the fell,
where the road ran,
I heard the men march
in the mouth of the wind;
And the leaf-burners heard
and leaned down their heads,
Brow upon broom.
They let the leaves lie
As they counted their kin
that crossed over-sea,
Without wife or wean,—
to fight in the war.

Forth over fell,
I fared on my way;
Yet often looked back,
when the wind blew,
To see the flames coil
like a curl of bright hair
Round the face of a child,—
a flower of fire,—
Beneath the long boughs
where, lush and alive,
The leaves flourished so long,
loving the sun.

Much I thought, then,
of men that went forth,
Or dropt like the leaves,
to die, and to live;
While the leaf-burners
with their long brooms,
Drew them together
on the day of their death.
I wondered at that,
walking the fell,—
Feeling the wind
that wafted the leaves,
And set their souls free
of the fire and the smoke;
And delivered the dead,
and sped the flame
To spire on the air—
a spark that should spring
In me, man of men,
last of the leaves.

ERNEST RHYS.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Old Front Line." By John Masefield. (Heinemann. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "Tides." Poems by John Drinkwater. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "The Story of the Saionika Army." By G. Ward Price. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s. net.)
- "The Indian Corps in France." By Lieut.-Colonel J. W. B. Merewether and the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Smith. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "The Genius of the English Church." By Alfred Fawkes. (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "Two Sides of the Atlantic." By Hamil Grant. (Grant Richards. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "Visits to Walt Whitman." By J. Johnston and J. W. Wallace. (Allen & Unwin. 6s. net.)
- "The Church in the Furnace." Essays by seventeen temporary Church of England Chaplains on Active Service in France and Flanders. Edited by F. B. Macnutt. (Macmillan. 5s. net.)
- "Georgian Poetry, 1916-1917." Edited by E. M. (The Poetry Book Shop. 4s. net.)
- "Work-a-Day Warriors." Written and Illustrated by John Lee. (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)
- "Life and Friendships of Catherine Marsh." By L. E. O'Rourke. (Longmans. 10s. 6d. net.)
- "L'Orage sur le jardin de Candide." Roman. (Calmann-Lévy; Paris. 3fr. 50.)

THE output of so much poetry during the last three or four years naturally sets a man thinking in terms of that poetic resurrection which fashionable opinion assures us is here. Yet it is well to check the mind from sliding along this glibness of statement too readily. Resurrection, after all, implies a preceding death, and has the poetic continuity of the last century really been broken; are we witnessing a soulrising, as in a medieval woodcut, out of the mortified body? Francis Thompson, I may allow, was the last of the great Victorians, but no visible gulf opens between him and ourselves. Thomas Hardy, Sturge Moore, Robert Bridges, W. H. Davies, are they unworthy contributors and sustainers of the tradition? The truth is that we cannot postulate a rise until we can be sure of a fall. What, in fact, is taking place is not so much a revival of poetry as a transference of the poetic allegiance from the hands of individuals into those of sets, classes, and groups. Names we have had during the last few years, but they have only been titles with no solid estate behind them. Budded at the morn, they have been cut down at dewy eve. Cliques, too, we have had, patronised by hungry critics, wealthy society, and an uncritical public anxious to do the right thing—but, though an ill-consequence of this transference, they do not by any means either account for it or condemn it.

FOR these groups and classes do not conclusively imply an adherence to a particular school, a particular cult, or (at its worst) shibboleth of poetic expression. Their virtue, when separated from these accidents which, if they get most of the credit do not really influence poetic progress, is to write broadly and variously within the limits of a federation defined, but neither narrow nor dogmatic. The young soldiers' verse is an excellent example. It is not realistic or vers-librist or eighteen-ninetyish; it is not obedient to what the public or the age or the poetic mode thinks that it wants; it is not so limited in subject-matter as the methods and conditions of its birth might warrant. Yet somehow it is of a piece and body; its complexity is unified by a single and general impulse; it recognizes and responds to a corporate sense.

BUT this poetic decentralisation into groups and societies suggests a further and curious reflection. A poetic revival is both child and father of the age. "Great minds," says Coleridge, "can and do create the taste of the age, and one of

the contingent causes which warp the taste of nations and ages is, that men of genius in part yield to it, and in part are acted on by the taste of the age." The poet and his age, that is to say, are inter-dependent, but the one cannot create the other, without being created by it. And is our age favorable to poetic virility, wealth, and freedom? Is society brilliantly conscious of itself; do ideas flow into and penetrate all its parts like the streams in the fertile Hampshire plain; is the expression of its spiritual life active and luminous, or even coherent; are its needs or its finer purposes in any way the reflection of its condition? Or is it all dumbness, anxiety, unhappiness, chaos dominated by a crude and sterile discipline? It must itself answer these questions, but, in the meantime, I must take leave to doubt whether it can play the Jove to a poetic Minerva, whether out of the lion of materialism can come forth sweetness. These poetic groups and unconfessed alliances then, so far from being formed, like Eve, out of the thigh of society, unconsciously form themselves in tacit criticism of it. It is the instincts of resistance and self-preservation that draw the outline of these groups, whether the causes of their formation manifest themselves in conscious expression or not.

THERE are, of course, dangers in this profound intuition of withdrawal. Literary starvations and perversions, literary formulas, corporate literary egoisms will have their run. There are likely to be few Titans of genius. The total effect of the poetry so produced will perhaps be more critical than purely creative. But, not to put it quite so baldly as Arnold, poetry, if not a criticism of life, can very well connect the actual ironies and contrasts of life without injury to its constitution, and without committing itself to topics and controversies better adapted to the prosaic. It would be a great mistake to assume that an aloofness and self-protection of this kind mean a lack of contact with reality. After all, the poetry of the lyrical ballads and the "Metaphysical School," of Wordsworth and Vaughan, originated in much the same way. If these groups do not create the taste of the age, at least they take precautions not to yield to or be acted upon by it. And the point is that we have got to put up with it, and be thankful for it. If the fool says in his Press that the whole land is covered with the vineyards of poetic feeling, that eager hands are gathering the vintage, fermenting and bottling it, then leave him in his Paradise. Sanity knows better, and is glad enough to carry off his honest potables from the little wayside inns that he has sought and found.

NOW the yearly output of Oxford poetry is a very fair instance of what is going on. It gathers together scores of young writers, as different in style as chalk from cheese. And yet, after reading through 250 pages of verse, you say to yourself without hesitating that practically all these young poets are quietists. Quietism is as definite an attitude of mind as Jingoism, and the Gray-Collins-Cowper-Akenside group of the middle and later eighteenth century are a reminder that the thing has happened before. A marked symptom of it in the 1917 volume is that there is hardly a single, even oblique, reference to the war. That may look rather like a hard indifference to the sufferings of humanity, but the prevailing melancholy of the poems tells a different tale. Anyway, it is an endorsement of the argument, and an excellent, well-wrought, and polished poem (W. R. Childe) like this:

THE GOTHIC ROSE.

"Amid the blue smoke of gem-glassed chapels
You shall find Me, the white five-wounded flower,
The Rose of Sarraz. Yea the moths have eaten,
And fretted the gold cloths of the Duke of York,
And lost is the scarlet cloth of the Cardinal Beaufort;
Tokens are quenched and rods of silver broken,
Where once King Richard dined beneath the leopards:
But think you that any beautifulness is wasted
Wherewith Mine Angels have blessed the blue-eyed English,
Twining into stone an obscure dream of Heaven,
A crown of flinty spires about the Rose
A slim flame blessing the coronal of thorns? (etc.)

is a far, far better thing than stuff about smiting them hip and thigh or "Sons of the cosmic Christos and the One."

H. J. M.

Reviews.

TOLSTOI AND THE RUSSIAN NOVEL.

THE Russian novel is the novel of uncivilised people who give us their impressions of civilisation, or who show us how one can do without civilisation. They try to find out the meaning of life, each for himself, as if no one had ever thought about the matter before. They are troubled about the soul, which they are unable to realise, with Balzac, as "nervous fluid"; with Thackeray, as the schoolboy's response to his master. Like Foma Gordeiev "they bear within them something heavy and uncomfortable, something which they cannot comprehend." Russian novels are the only novels in which we see people acting on their impulses, unable to resist their impulses or to account for them. They are never in doubt as to what they feel: it is as simple as when one says, I am cold, I am hungry. They say, I love this woman, I hate this man, I must go to Sevastopol though I shall probably be killed if I go there, I am convinced that this or that is my duty. Sometimes they reason out their feelings, but the reasoning never makes any difference to their feelings. The English novelist shows us an idea coming into a man's head; when he has got the idea he sometimes proceeds to feel as the idea suggests to him. The French novelist shows us a sensation, tempered or directed by will, coming into a man's consciousness; even his instincts wait on the instinctive criticism of the intelligence; so that passion, for instance, cools into sensuality while it waits. But to the Russian there is nothing in the world except the feeling which invades him like an atmosphere, or grows up within him like a plant putting out its leaves, or crushes him under it like a great weight falling from above.

And, wherever we look in Russian novels, we shall see the same practical logic setting men and women outside the laws, for good or evil, deliberately or unconsciously. Foma Gordeiev, when he thrashes the man in the club, "brimming with the ardent sensation of malice, quivering all over with the happiness of revenge, dragging him over the floor, bellowing dully, viciously, in fierce joy," is hardly aware why he is doing what he does; the feeling takes him, and he does it. "During those minutes he experienced a vast sensation—the sensation of liberation from a wearisome burden, which had already long oppressed his breast with sadness and impotency." He feels the need of asserting his own nature, of expressing himself—with his fists, as it happens: it is as if, being an artist, he had written his sonnet or painted the sky into his picture. Well, and to the Nihilist, that disinterested artist in life, the killing of somebody is merely the finishing of a train of thought, an emphatic, conclusive way of demonstrating a problem.

Tolstoi is not an abstract thinker, a philosopher by temperament, though he has come finally to have a consistent philosophy of life, not, as with Nietzsche, a mere bundle of intuitions. His mind is logical, and it is also that of a man of action: it goes straight to conclusions, and acts upon them, promptly and humbly. He desires, first of all, to become clear himself, to "save his own soul"; then he will act upon others by the instinctive exercise of his goodness, of what he is, not by some external reform. All his reforms would begin with the head and with the heart; he would "convince" the world of what to him is righteousness, taking it for granted that men will naturally do what they see ought to be done. Thus he has no belief in Socialism or in Anarchism, in any mechanical readjustment of things which is not the almost unconscious result of a personal feeling or conviction. To Tolstoi the one question is: What is the purpose of my life? and his answer, explains the interpreter, is this: "The purpose of my life is to understand, and, as far as possible, to do, the will of that Power which has sent me here, and which actuates my reason and conscience." Preferring, as he tells us, to seek goodness "by the head" rather than "by the heart," to begin with the understanding, he has none of the artist's disinterested interest in "problems," as Ibsen, for instance, has. When Ibsen concerns himself with questions of conduct, with the "meaning of life," he has no interest in their solution, only in their development, caring only to track the evil, not to cure it. They are his material, from which he holds himself as far aloof as the algebraist from his x .

Now Tolstoi is what he is, just because he has seen through all this, and has found himself compelled to leave it behind. He is a personality, and the artist in him has never been more than a part of his personality. Tolstoi first lived, then wrote, now he draws the moral from both careers, working upon life itself rather than upon a painting after life. His final attitude is the postscript adding a conclusion to his novels. As a novelist, he had kept closer to actual life, to the dust of existence, than any other novelist; so that "Anna Karenina" is, perhaps, more painful to read than any other novel. It gives us body and soul, and it also gives us the clothes of life, society. There are none of the disguises of the novelist with a style or of the novelist with a purpose. It is so real that it seems to be speaking to us out of our own hearts and out of our own experience. It is so real, because it is the work of one to whom life is more significant than it is to any other novelist. Thus the final step, the step which every novelist, if he goes far enough, may be impelled, by the mere logic of things, to take, is easier, more inevitable, for him than for any other. The novelist more than any other artist is concerned directly with life. He has to watch the passions at work in the world, the shipwreck of ideals, the action of society upon man, of man upon society. When he is tired of considering these things with the unimpassioned eyes of the artist, he begins to concern himself about them very painfully, he becomes a moralist. Perhaps he has been one: he becomes a reformer.

A genuine democracy of social conditions may or may not be practically possible; but the democracy of intellect is impossible. There, at all events, we must always find an aristocracy. In material matters, even, in matters most within his reach, has the laborer ever been able to understand a machine, which he will come to prize for its service, until it has been laboriously explained to him, and, for the most part, forced upon him for his good? How, then, is he to understand a poem, which must always continue to seem to him a useless thing, useless at all events to him? Tolstoi, throughout the whole of his book on art, has tried to reduce himself intellectually, as, in practice, he has reduced himself socially, to the level of the peasant. And, with that extraordinary power of assimilation which the Russians possess, he has very nearly succeeded. It is a part of the Russian character to be able to live a fictitious life, to be more western than the Westerns, more sympathetic, out of indolence and the dramatic faculty, than one's intimate friends. And Tolstoi, who is in every way so typically a Russian, has, in addition, the genius of the novelist. So he is now putting himself in the place of the peasant, speaking through the peasant's mouth, in all these doctrines and theories, just as he used to put himself in the place of the peasant, and speak through the peasant's mouth, in his stories. The difference is that, in the stories, he knew that he was speaking dramatically, while, in the doctrines and theories, he imagines that he is speaking in his own person.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

CALLIOPE IN HARNESS.

"The English Sonnet." By T. W. H. CROSLAND. (Seeker. 10s. 6d. net.)

IN this volume Mr. Crosland has set himself, first, to restore the renown of the sonnet by establishing its true character and by showing, if he can, that it is the mother of English blank-verse; and, secondly, to set forth a body of rules for its construction. We believe that in his first contention he is wholly successful, and he does good work, for it is time that the sonnet were rid of the reproach that it would be a lyric if it could. It has been usual to include sonnets in collections of lyric poetry and to judge them by the requirements of that kind of verse. Because the lyric cry was not to be heard from them, it was rashly concluded that they were inferior in substance to a snatch of Elizabethan song, to such a note of sorrow as is sounded in "Fear no more the heat of the sun," or such a note of joy as rings out in "It was a lover and his lass." Mr. Crosland shows that the true kinship of the sonnet is to be sought

elsewhere, in the highest type of poetry, in the truly sublime, whether we look for this quality in epic or in the drama. We will not quote any of Mr. Crosland's illustrative passages, but rather add one to them, and ask whether the true substance of the great sonnet is not to be traced in such a speech from the stage as:—

"Thou hast nor youth nor age;
But as it were an after-dinner sleep,
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
Becomes as aged and doth beg th' alms
Of palsied eld."

When Mr. Crosland endeavors to father our blank-verse upon Petrarch he is on less certain ground, and his limitations lead him to a too exclusively English view. It is unfortunate that, as is shown by his writing "*Sæculum Mirabilis*" and "*Otium sans Dignitate*," he has no acquaintance with Latin, for it would have been well for him to have a view on the contention that the first sonnet is to be found in Catullus's poem on Sirmio. We take it that his principle would make him oppose this contention. This is by the way, but we think that a knowledge of Latin would have led to some modification in his attempt to father the verse of Surrey and Marlowe upon Petrarch. It is neither an accident nor an insignificant fact that Surrey's "rhymeless hendecasyllables" are not an original poem, but a translation from Virgil. It is the rhymelessness of the original that causes the rhymelessness of the English version. Surrey could not well take any other verse than Chaucer's, and Swinburne, followed by Mr. Crosland, did injustice to Surrey in saying that he merely docked Chaucer's verse of its rhymes and made no approach to true blank-verse. The influence of the model has, of course, not been wholly discarded, but there is more difference than the mere absence of rhyme between any passage in Chaucer and these lines of Surrey's:—

"And there, wondering, I find together swarm'd
A new number of mates, mothers, and men;
A rout exil'd, a wretched multitude,
From each-where flock together, prest to pass
With heart and goods to whatsoever land
By sliding seas me listeth them to lead."

Different as Surrey's metre is from Virgil's, the influence of the Latin rhythm is here visible, nor is the step from this verse to Marlowe's so great as many critics have endeavored to convince themselves that it is. Moreover, it is to be noted that Surrey's own sonnets, quite apart from the rhymes, have less of the true blank-verse in them than is seen in his translation. We are not for denying the influence of the sonnet, but Mr. Crosland goes too far in saying that without the sonnet we should never have attained to the true blank-verse line.

In laying down rules for the composition of a sonnet a critic is necessarily in a difficulty. He is entitled on the one hand to hold that a sonnet is the true and natural expression of certain forms of poetic thought, and he may endeavor to find a reason for this fact, though here, as elsewhere, to speak philosophically, the reason can only be the fact itself more lucidly or more completely put. On the other hand, as his reason cannot be put in absolute terms, he cannot ignore the practice of admittedly great poets. Yet Homer sometimes nods, and we should all agree with Mr. Crosland that you cannot build up your rules on a sonnet which begins—Wordsworth is the sinner—with the name "Jones."

Here is the crux of all criticism of poetic form, and we are afraid that some of Mr. Crosland's technical rules find no justification either in the practice of our best poets or in any reason that he is able to assign to them. Thus he bans the perfect rhyme and uses of it language which adequately expresses his own dislike, but lacks any other justification. Thus he accounts the perfect rhyme to be past forgiveness. In passing we may protest against a current misuse of the term. In the literature of poetical technique the phrase "perfect rhyme" has long been used of a rhyme in which the initial consonant, as well as the following sounds, is identical. It cannot be right to use a recognized technical term in an untechnical sense. It may be said that "beat" and "feet" make a sound or a just or a good rhyme, but not that they make a perfect rhyme. Now it must be admitted that the perfect rhyme, always a favorite in French poetry,

has never had much vogue in our own verse. Nevertheless, as it is familiar to us in Chaucer, it may be said to be coeval with our rhymed verse. It has been sporadic with us at all periods, it had the approval of Swinburne, and in our age has been used with admirable effect by Mr. Housman who rhymes "Team" and "Teme." We should refuse to listen to any critic who censured Wordsworth for writing

"Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness."

Now Milton in his sonnets by no means eschews the perfect rhyme. In the same half of an octet he rhymes "ruth" and "Ruth," and in different halves "held" and "upheld," and in one of his Italian cannone he rhymes "ridéa" and "idea." Doubtless the perfect rhyme, like other rhymes, is liable to misuse, but it is not to be swept away by the *ipse dixit* of Mr. Crosland. Nor can we agree with him that it is essential to perfection that the two rhymes of the octet must be on different combinations of consonants. In Milton's sonnet to Cromwell the sole consonantal rhyme of the octet is "D," and to this Mr. Crosland raises no objection. What is permitted to the single consonant must be permitted also to the combination. We should admit that, if the consonantal rhyme runs through the whole octet, it should have, as it has in Milton's sonnet, a special meaning and purpose.

"Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursu'd,
While Darwin stream with blood of Scots imb'd,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud—"

This model would not suit every sonnet, but the final voiced consonant hammers home the vigor and persistency of the great general. Shelley has used the same consonant to damn George the Third,

"An old, blind, mad, despised, and dying king,"

and Mr. Crosland's rules should leave room for the essays of genius. His laws are for the poetaster.

Moreover, we must hesitate to accept Mr. Crosland as an authority on identity of sound. He quotes the famous passage which includes the line,

"That last infirmity of noble mind,"

and also the line which rhymes with it. This has not prevented him from misquoting the last word as "minds," an error hardly possible in one who has appreciated the rhyme system of the poem.

Mr. Crosland will hardly please the Shakespeareans, for he throws to the winds all their theories concerning the composition of the sonnets. In his view "Mr. W. H." and the dark lady and the other persons who have been described in them are all of the tribe of Mrs. Harris. In the sonnets he sees neither sequence nor autobiography. We have no disposition to come into a dispute in a matter where proof is impossible and argument is certain to be fruitless. There is no probability that either Sir Sidney Lee or Mr. Crosland will alter his point of view. Mr. Crosland's opponents will concede to him that each sonnet taken separately is good enough for the lover of high poetry, but he would not concede to them that each would be better to us as poetry if we knew the circumstances in which they were composed. It is true that from the purely poetical point of view it is no gain to us to know that the original of Auld Robin Gray bore the name of Fordyce, and that Jamie was named Burges in real life.

With some surprise we see that Mr. Crosland does not even notice that sonnet of Blanco White's, which was regarded by many Victorian critics as the best in our language. We would not accord that rank to it, but the praise which it received shows what the contemporary generation held what a sonnet ought to be.

While we think that Mr. Crosland's rules are too hard and fast for a great poet, we should do him injustice if we did not add that he has a fine taste and a nice discrimination between what is best in poetry and what is of less account. He eschews both rash generalisation and vague praise and blame. He picks his passage to pieces, as Johnson sometimes did, and we may say of him what Macaulay said of Johnson, that his criticisms always have some meaning. He



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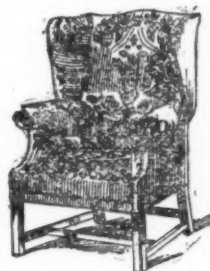
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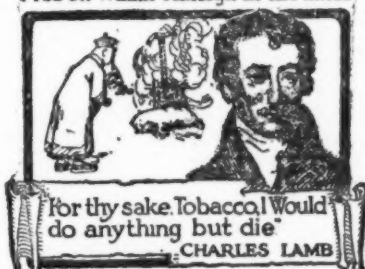
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MR. SIDNEY WEBB has put together in this book what he describes as "an address prepared for a series of private gatherings of works managers," and the works managers who heard them, or who read them in printed form, are likely to derive considerable benefit from their study. What Mr. Webb has in effect done is to take many of the current doctrines of "Scientific Management," transform them by applying to them the principles which he set out long ago in his "Industrial Democracy," and thus produce a "Scientific Management" doctrine of his own, differing materially from that of the American "efficiency engineer." Disagreement with some of his conclusions must not allow us to detract from the merit of his presentment of the case, which is admirably lucid and concise, with only occasional excursions into that immoderate use of the capital letter which makes so much of the Webb books tiresome and annoying to the reader. In style and presentment, this is perhaps the best book that Mr. Webb has written, and it is all the better for being short.

Mr. Webb's object is clear from every page of the book. He set out to present his case in such a way as to secure the maximum sympathy and assent from the practical works manager. He vigorously excludes from the greater part of the book any suggestion of a definite change in the industrial system and argues throughout on the assumption of the maintenance of the existing industrial order. Any works manager can read the book without coming up against any dangerous or revolutionary doctrine. It is true that in a short concluding chapter, with the title "On Choosing Equality," Mr. Webb states very clearly and definitely his case against the "class of functionless landlords and shareholders to whom we have, by the laws that we have made and by the social system that we maintain, chosen to give the privilege of levying a tribute on our labor equal in the aggregate, in the United Kingdom and the United States, to something like one-third of the produce." He points out that we shall never get the maximum efficiency in industry while this levy is maintained, and urges that the community can put an end to it whenever it chooses. In this passage, Mr. Webb safeguards his principles; but in the body of the book there is no reference to such matters.

It is easy to understand why this is so. Again and again Mr. Webb insists that management will be a necessary function under any system of industrial organization. With this we can all agree; but I cannot help feeling that Mr. Webb believes, though he does not say so, that the relation of management to labor will always remain very much what it is in the best industrial concerns at the present time. He believes, of course, in a very great extension of collective bargaining and the common rule, in the universal extension of trade unionism, and in an increasing element of trade union intervention in industry by way of collective bargaining. But he does not believe in any fundamental change in the status of the worker apart from a better division of the product of industry.

This fact is made particularly clear in his chapter on "The Function of Management." "First," he says to his audience of works managers, "let me remind you that you belong to a brain-working profession, just as much as the lawyer or the doctor, the architect or the engineer, though your vocation is only now becoming conscious of itself as a distinct profession, the profession of management." Surely Mr. Webb is here missing an absolutely vital and fundamental difference. The lawyer, the doctor, the architect, and the engineer are alike in this, that their bond of professional unity is a common technique and knowledge which others do not possess. No doubt the manager also has, and still more should have, a technique and knowledge of his own;

but the manager differs from the other professionals mentioned in being largely, and even primarily, a disciplinarian, a "manipulator of men," as Mr. Webb himself has called him in another work. As such, he is essentially different from the other professionals who are technical advisers where he is a "captain of industry," or, at least, a commander of men. In this the manager resembles not the doctor or the lawyer, but the professional politician and the Civil Service administrator. His essential characteristic is that of a "manipulator of men."

In this sense, it is as dangerous to endow the manager with the full status of the independent technical expert as to endow the politician or the bureaucrat with such a status. Just as the community demands direct democratic control over its political manipulators, the industrial worker will demand democratic control over those who manipulate him and his industrial conditions. Mr. Webb's parallel, therefore, ignores an essential difference, and this fact vitiates a good deal of his argument.

This point has been raised, not only for its intrinsic importance, but because it colors Mr. Webb's whole attitude to "Scientific Management." In the chapter in which he deals directly with this subject he is wisely critical, and rightly tells his auditors that a great deal of nonsense is talked under the cover of the phrase. He also hits aptly on the great virtue of "Scientific Management" in its insistence on better organization of the factory on its "inanimate" side—better machinery and arrangement, better grouping of jobs, better costings, more skilful provision of materials and adaptation of supply to demand, and so on. But even in this chapter, and still more in other parts of the book, he does not emphasize enough the false logic which makes the "scientific manager" almost always spend his greatest efforts in endeavoring to organize the factory on its inanimate side—i.e., the human beings employed in it. He has himself so tidy and methodical a mind that he abhors absence of tidiness and methods in others, and this leads him into the fallacy of supposing that human beings can be managed scientifically, not indeed just as if they were inanimate objects, but in a closely analogous fashion.

This comes out clearly in Mr. Webb's treatment of "Collective Bargaining." Nothing in the book is more admirable than his firm insistence on the need for the universal extension of Collective Bargaining into the workshop, so that the trade union shall be able there, too, to insist on the standards which, by national and district negotiation, it establishes over wider areas. But Mr. Webb seems to think that the scientific manager's system of time and motion study, by which every act and motion of the worker is checked with a stop-watch, and by these means the minimum time necessary for a job is ascertained, would lose its objectionable features if it ceased to be one-sided, and if, in addition to the salaried rate-fixer paid by the employer, there were also a trade union rate-fixer, salaried to time the job in the workers' interest. Here Mr. Webb makes a cardinal mistake. The worker feels not merely that the present system of rate-fixing by a servant of the employer is one-sided and unfair, but that the whole "stop-watch" system is an intolerable insult to his manhood and to his craftsmanship. The methods of time and motion study are wrong in themselves, and not merely because of the unfairness with which they are at present administered; but this Mr. Webb's love of tidiness and system does not allow him to see.

Apart from this defect, the treatment of the whole question of Collective Bargaining is admirable. Mr. Webb insists in the need for complete recognition of trade unionism, and of the right of trade union officials to represent their members in negotiations. "For the management to refuse," he says, "to allow the workmen to be accompanied or to be represented by their own chosen agent or adviser is exactly as if the workmen were to insist on coming face to face with the company's shareholders (for it is these who are their real employers), to the exclusion of the company's manager, secretary, or solicitor. The mere fact that the management may find it easier to drive a bargain with the men themselves than with their more skilled official negotiators is the very reason why these official negotiators ought not to be excluded." Mr. Webb goes on to deal with the question of the Standard Rate, and lays down categorically that "the management ought to have nothing to do with the rate

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of wages," which ought to be settled by the trade unions in negotiation with the Employers' Associations—that is, not for each factory separately, but for a wider area. He also insists that the Trade Union Standard Rates are essentially *minima* and not at the same time *maxima*, and that the complaints of employers that they prevent the giving of extra payment to the more efficient worker are invalid, because, in fact, the trade unions have no objection to the payment of particular men at more than the standard rate.

The chapter dealing with "Payment by Results" is the longest in the book, and also in many ways the most interesting, both because controversy on this question is raging very fiercely at present, and because it presents for solution one of the most difficult problems that industry has to face. Mr. Webb begins by repeating from "Industrial Democracy" his repudiation of the assumption, commonly made, that workmen, and especially trade unionists, object to payment by results. He argues that, on the contrary, "apart from the transport services and the general laborers, a majority of the trade unions in Great Britain actually insist" on payment by results, and he instances the miners, cotton operators, tailors, boot and shoe operatives, glass workers and steel smelters and other trades in support of his view. Despite these instances, the view is misleading. The insistence on piece-work payment by these Unions is historically, in many cases, an insistence not that wages shall be paid by the piece, but that, *if wages are paid by the piece*, all the workers employed shall share in the piece-work balances. They are in revolt against the "butty" or the "piecemaster," who himself employed or rather sub-contracted workers under him, on a "results" system, at low time-rates, and pocketed the whole of the balances for himself. As against this system the trade unions have in many cases insisted that all shall share in the balances; but this does not imply a fundamental preference for payment by results. If we take only Mr. Webb's chosen examples, there has been considerable resistance to the extension of piecework in the boot and shoe industry, while the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, at a recent Annual Conference, has passed a resolution in favor of a timework system.

Apart, however, from this point, there can be no doubt that Mr. Webb is right in his general attitude on the question of payment by results. He points out with truth that the opposition of the great mass of the workers in the engineering industry to any such system is fully justified by the fact that no equitable system has yet been accepted or even devised. Both piecework and the various bonus systems in the engineering industry have been worked hitherto on systems which are utterly unfair and one-sided. There has been no form of collective bargaining about piece-prices or time allowances, and the employer has claimed to fix these absolutely at his own discretion. Mr. Webb rightly regards this as preposterous, and pleads for the general extension to engineering of the methods of collective bargaining on piecework prices which already operate successfully in many other industries. Perhaps he rather underrates the difficulty of applying these methods to an industry so complicated as engineering; but it is clear that, until they are adopted and applied, no system of payment by results can be expected to work well or smoothly. Until collective bargaining is established, employers will continue to cut prices and workmen to retaliate by "ca'canny." This is what makes the problem of payment by results the central problem at the moment in the engineering industry.

I have dwelt on those chapters of Mr. Webb's book which seem to be of the greatest fundamental importance. If I seem to dwell on differences of opinion, it must not be thought that this is from any desire to belittle the book. It deserves the widest possible sale among those who are concerned with workshop problems, and the works managers who read it will find it extraordinarily useful and enlightening. It loses, I think, by an attempt to be too conciliatory—by a rather too obvious avoidance of anything to which a comparatively enlightened manager would be likely to take exception; but this is a defect of Mr. Webb's whole method, and no doubt there are many who count it as a virtue. In any case, he has done with very great ability what he set out to do, and as a result he has written by far the best and most illuminating book on his subject. It is up to those who differ from him to do better.

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"One of the most disagreeable novels we have ever read (remarked a leading London paper). We can hardly imagine a book more calculated to depress and disgust even a hardened reader. . . . The amours are mean, the people mostly repulsive, and the surroundings depressing"; whilst the natural reader spoke strongly in Miss Somerville's mother, who wrote briefly, "All here loathe Charlotte." That there were, however, a few so hardened, even in the innocent early 'nineties, as to read with enjoyment an acute analysis of an elderly and unattractive woman's soul, was discovered by Miss Martin when she met the Langs at St. Andrews. Her visit was twice blessed; for not only had Andrew Lang praised her novel with tongue and pen, but he seems to have turned on its part-author his most engaging courtesy.

"A. L. is very curious to look at (she writes to Miss Somerville); tall, very thin, white hair, growing far down his forehead, and shading dark eyebrows and piercing-looking, charming brown eyes. He has a somewhat foxy profile, a lemon-pale face, and a black moustache. . . . I think he is shy; he keeps his head down, and often does not look at you when speaking; his voice is rather high and indistinct, and he pitches his sentences out with a jerk. . . . To me, then, Andrew L. with a sort of off-hand fling—

"I suppose you're the one that did the writing?"

"I explained with some care that it was not so. . . . He said I must know a good deal, on which I had nothing to say. He talked of Miss Broughton, Stevenson, and others as personal friends, and exhibited at intervals a curious, silent laugh, up under his nose. . . . He was so interesting that I hardly noticed then how ripping was the dinner, just as good as it could be. I hear that I was highly honored, as he often won't talk to people, and is rude."

Her luck held; for after dinner "the good and kind Andrew" drew up his chair, and discoursed to her of Joan of Arc, the Book of Esther, cats, and other congenial subjects. "Good and kind" he remained throughout her stay, saying "in a resigned voice" when an expedition to Edinburgh was mentioned, "I'll meet you anywhere you like." And meet her he did; so that Miss Martin went round the sights of St. Andrews (in an "iron blast"), saw half over Edinburgh, and heard John Knox called a scoundrel with "intensest venom" in the best company in Scotland. Only once did her friend exhibit symptoms of that extreme susceptibility to bores which made him something of a drawing-room scourge. His host at a dinner party had been showing photographs of statuary with a magic-lantern:—

" . . . From outside South Kensington I think; horrible blacks on the backs of camels, &c. On the first glimpse of these Andrew fled away into the next room, refusing to return till all was over.

"If you had any Greek statuary—" he said feebly, but there was none. Finally I was turned on to shriek like a dog, and he was bewildered and perturbed, but not amused. He asked me, in an unhappy way, how I did it.

Her last impression of him, at the end of the delightful day at Edinburgh, was of his "whipping out of the carriage as it began to move on, in the midst of an account of how Buddha died of eating roast pork to a surfeit. . . ."

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The earlier chapters of these memories are devoted to family records, the most notable relating to the authors' common great-grandfather, Chief Justice Bushe. In one of his many charming letters to his wife "the Chief" gives an excellent description of the Edgeworth family in 1810:—

"I am not surprised that you asked about Edgeworthstown, and I can only tell you that everything which Smyly has often said to us in praise of it is true and unexaggerated. Society in that house is certainly on the best plan I have ever met with. Edgeworth is a very clever fellow of much talent, and tho' not deeply informed on any subject is highly (which is consistent with being superficially) so in all. He talks a great deal and very pleasantly, and loves to exhibit what he would be so justifiably vain of (his daughter and her works) if you did not trace that pride to his predominant Egotism, and see that he admires her because she is his child and her works, because they are his grand-children. Mrs. Edgeworth is uncommonly agreeable and has been, not long ago, very pretty. . . . She is, you know, a fifth or sixth wife, and her last child was his 22nd."

Survivors from an earlier age of culture lingered on in the persons of two old Miss Sneyds, Litchfield blue-stockings, sisters of a second or third Mrs. Edgeworth, and friends of Dr. Johnson, Garrick, and the celebrated "Swan." The atmosphere of the whole household seemed to the Chief to have preserved all the best traditions of eighteenth-century polish and urbanity:—

"In such a society you may suppose conversation to be good, but I was not prepared to find it so easy. It is the only set of the kind I ever met with in which you are neither led nor driven, but actually fall, and that imperceptibly, into literary topics, and I attribute it to this, that in that house literature is not a treat for company upon invitation days, but is actually the daily bread of the family."

That tact and self-suppression, which is so well fostered by domestic tyranny, was markedly apparent in Maria Edgeworth:—

"Miss Edgeworth is for nothing more remarkable than for the total absence of vanity. She seems to have studied her father's foibles for two purposes, to avoid them, and never to appear to see them, and what does not always happen, her want of affectation is unaffected. She is as well bred and as well dressed, and as easy and as much like other people, as if she was not a celebrated author. No pretensions, not a bit of blue-stocking is to be discovered. In the conversation she neither advances nor keeps back, but mixes naturally and cheerfully in it, and though in the number of words she says less than anyone, yet the excellence of her remarks and the unpremeditated point which she gives them, makes you recollect her to have talked more than others."

Miss Edgeworth became a close friend and constant correspondent of the Bushe's; but, except for a hostile reference to Daniel O'Connell and an elegy on "my much-loved, more loved even than admired Sir Walter Scott," whose body "lives, and is likely to live some time, but his mind—oh, such a mind!—is gone for ever." Her letters are not particularly remarkable. At all events, we would exchange them all for that of an obscure little girl repenting of an obscure little crime somewhere about 1830:—

"MY DEAR MAMA,—I am very sorry for touching that stinking little cat. I'll try to-morrow and Tuesday if I can do as happy and as well without touching Dawney. I had once, before my birthday, a little holiness in my heart, and for two days I was trying to keep it in and I exceeded a little in it, but alas! one day Satan tempted me; and one day I kept it out of my heart, and then I did not care what I did, and I was very bold. One day, the week after, I tried without touching Dawney, and I thought myself every bit as much happy, but I was tempted, tempted, another day; but I hope to-morrow morning I may be good mama and that there will be one day that I may please mama."

"Your affectionate daughter,

"NANNIE FOX."

Besides the family records, there are many charming memories of the authors' youth in the old Galway days, "where nothing was conventional or stagnant, things were done on the spur of the moment, and everyone preferred good fun to a punctual dinner"; whilst mingling closely with the family life were the poor people "with their cleverness, their good manners, their unflagging spirits," whom Martin Ross and Edith Somerville have immortalized with their gaiety.

"MORE RHYMES OF LONDON TOWN."—By Eleanor Farjeon. The publishers of this book, which was reviewed in our special supplement last week, are Duckworth & Co.

The Week in the City.

ALTHOUGH the capture of Jerusalem relieved a little the despondency caused by our heavy losses at Cambrai, the Stock Exchange has been in a state of depression. Ministerial speeches, notably that of Mr. Churchill, point to the prolongation of the war for at least a year, so far as the present views of the British Government are concerned. At the same time the failure of War Bonds, in spite of the efforts of the Tank Bank and other agencies to provide anything like the gigantic sums which have to be borrowed day after day, causes uneasiness. But the principal concern of the City, and still more of Paris, is the insolvency of Russia, long obvious but now confessed with brutal frankness by the Bolshevik Government. Will this country and France raise money to pay temporarily the Russian coupons? This, from an announcement, would seem to be the French policy. But, however that may be, investors in Russia have got to face the stern facts of the situation. The financial and economic collapse of Russia makes all previous public bankruptcies look small indeed, and the peculiar bitterness of the situation is that the reconstruction of Russia, which should have been in the hands of its principal creditors, is in danger of being lost, by the diplomacy of the Allies and by the mischievous articles which appeared during the summer and early autumn in some of the London and Paris newspapers. Another, though minor misfortune, is the renewal of revolutionary chaos in Lisbon, and the overthrow of the Government. One of the events of the week has been the rise of tin, which touched the record price of £300 per ton on Tuesday. Rubber is one of the few cheap commodities, its price on the same day being only 2s. 3d. per pound. Thursday's Bank Return showed a small reduction in Reserve.

THE FALL IN RUSSIAN SECURITIES.

The report that the Russian Bolshevik Government proposes to repudiate all foreign loans was soon followed by a substantial fall in the prices of Russian bonds—Government, railway, and municipal—on the London Stock Exchange, though little business was actually transacted. Although all obligations up to now have been fully met, prices before the threat of repudiation was made known had already been lowered in view of the possibility of temporary default. Recent movements may be seen from the following table:

	Price July 27, 1914.	Highest in 1914.	Price End of Nov. 1917.	Price Dec. 11, 1917.	Fall since bef. War.
Russian Government 5 p.c. 1822	117	85½	60	55 x	62
" " 5 p.c. 1906	98	84	57½	52½ x	45½
" " 4½ p.c. 1909	94	77	50	44	50
RAILWAY BONDS GUARANTEED BY					
RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT—					
Armavir-Tonapse 4½ p.c.	93½	72½	50½	45½ x	48
Black Sea-Kuban 4½ p.c.	93½	73	50½	47½ x	46
Grand Russian 4 p.c.	84½	69½	47½	42½	42
Kahetian 4½ p.c.	93½	74	50	47½ x	46
Kokand Namagan 4½ p.c.	93½	74	51½	47½ x	45
Russian South Eastern 4½ p.c.	—	77½	52½	48½ x	—
Troitzk 4½ p.c.	93½	75½	50½	48½ x	45
Wolmar Govt. of Levonia 4½ p.c.	93	76	57	54½	38½
MUNICIPALITIES—					
Baku 5 p.c.	91	78	52½	57½	35½
Kieff 5 p.c. 1914	94	79	57½	50	44
Moscow 4½ p.c. 1912	92½	71½	52	50 x	42½
Nikolaief 5 p.c. 1912	94	73½	57	55	39
Riga 4½ p.c. 1913	92	67	45½	45½ x	46½
Petrograd 4½ p.c. 1913	93½	72½	50½	50 x	43½

French, British, and American investors are large holders of Russian securities, and any repudiation on the part of Russia would be little short of suicidal, for it would ruin Russian credit abroad, and would destroy any hope of securing foreign capital for reconstruction after the war. It is, however, generally believed in the City that such a catastrophe will be averted, and it is pointed out that even in the Crimean War, when we were fighting against Russia, interest on her bonds was paid to all holders, including those in this country.

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